

THE  
**ENGLISH READER;**

CONTAINING

*A Selection of Pieces in Prose,*

SUITED TO

**THE CAPACITIES OF INDIAN YOUTH,**

AND ADAPTED TO

IMPROVE THE YOUNGER CLASSES OF LEARNERS IN READING, BY A  
PROGRESSIVE ARRANGEMENT OF THE LESSONS.

No. VI.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC  
INSTRUCTION, AND OF THE CALCUTTA SCHOOL-BOOK SOCIETY.

**Calcutta:**

PRINTED AT THE SCHOOL-BOOK SOCIETY'S PRESS, CIRCULAR ROAD;  
SOLD AT ITS DEPOSITORY, AND BY J. J. FLEURY, COSSITOLLAH.

1830.

## ADVERTISEMENT.



THE works published in England, which are intended to teach the rudiments of the English language, have been found in some respects inappropriate in this country ; as they often contain matter for which young persons in India are not prepared, or they convey lessons too limited in extent, and too miscellaneous in purport, to be adapted to the necessarily slow progress made here, in the acquisition of ideas unfamiliar to all, and of words foreign to many.

On this account, it has been thought expedient to prepare and print a new Series of Elementary Works, better adapted to English education in India, in which an



advance may be made from the simplest rudiments, to classical compositions, graduated as carefully as possible, according to the ordinary development of the study of English in Bengal. The plan has received the approbation and aid of the General Committee of Public Instruction and the Calcutta School-Book Society, and will, it is hoped, be found to deserve the support of the public.

CALCUTTA, }  
1st April, 1830. }

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THE  
ENGLISH READER.

No. VI.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

LESSON 1.

*The Hill of Science.*

In that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expressions of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared; "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries, be silent and attentive."

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was al-

ways pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of content!" "What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain; I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity." While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

## LESSON 2.

### *Aërial Castle-building.*

Alnaschar was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life.



When his father died, he left him to the value of a hundred drachms in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen-ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back against the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of the neighbours, as he talked to himself, in the following manner: "This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's a hundred drachms, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachms will in a very little time rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachms cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade as a glass-man and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones.

When I have got together as much wealth as I well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but continue my traffic till I have got together a hundred thousand drachms. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachms, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the

grand vizir's daughter in marriage. After having represented to that minister, the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities, which his daughter possesses : I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the grand vizir's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and the best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train and equipage. And, when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do in course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him ; and afterwards, to his great surprise, I will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech ; as, *Sir, you see I am a man of my word : I always give more than I promise.*

When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end, I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me ; but I will still remain inexorable. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour.

Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my leg, and spurn her from me with my foot in such a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.'

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

This is a ridicule upon the foolish, but common vanity of building castles in the air, and idly wasting that time in empty flattering schemes, which might have been usefully employed in attending to our proper business.

### LESSON 3.

#### *An Account of the Admirable Crichton.*

Virtue, says Virgil, is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form. The person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrews, in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the

gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university, to dispute with them on a certain day ; offering to his opponents the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed, three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty ministers appeared against him ; and one of his antagonists confesses that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge beyond the reach of man ; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had, in the presence of the Pope and Cardinals, the same success. He then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extempore poem in praise of the city and the assembly present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained by the neglect of any accomplishment. He practised, in great perfection, the arts of drawing and painting ; he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music ; he danced with uncommon gracefulness ; and on the day after his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore

away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together. He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation at Paris. He spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those who would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters. His memory was so retentive, that, hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all the variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill. There was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe ; and in Mantua had killed three who had appeared against him. Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The Duke of Mantua with some reluctance consented ; and on the day fixed the combatants appeared. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, while Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to waste his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire. He then divid-

ed the prize he had won, among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The Duke of Mantua, having received such proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincenzio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and a turbulent disposition. But his honour was of short duration; for, as he was one night, in the time of Carnival, rambling about the streets with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked, and opposed them with such vigour and address, that he dispersed them and disarmed their leader, who, throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton, falling on his knees, presented his own sword to the prince, who seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others only by drunken fury, thrust him through the heart.

The court of Mantua testified their esteem for the memory of Crichton by a public mourning, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.



#### LESSON 4.

##### *The Industry of Demosthenes.*

Demosthenes was extremely affected by the honours which he saw paid to the orator Callistratus, and still more by his supreme power of eloquence over the minds of men; and not being able to resist its charms, he gave himself

up to it. Thenceforth he renounced all other studies and pleasures ; and during the continuance of Callistratus at Athens he never quitted him, but made all the improvement he could from his precepts.

The first essay of his eloquence was against his guardians, whom he obliged to refund part of his fortune. Encouraged by this success, he ventured to speak before the people, but with very ill success. He had a weak voice, a thick way of speaking, and a very short breath : notwithstanding which, his periods were so long that he was often obliged to stop in the midst of them to take breath. This occasioned his being hissed by the whole audience

As he withdrew, hanging down his head, and in the utmost confusion, Satyrus, one of the most excellent actors of those times, who was his friend, met him ; and having learnt from himself the cause of his being so much dejected, he assured him that the evil was not without remedy, and that the case was not so desperate as he imagined. He desired him to repeat some of the verses of Sophocles or Euripides, to him ; which he accordingly did. Satyrus spoke them after him, and gave them such graces, by the tone, gesture, and spirit, with which he pronounced them, that Demosthenes himself found them quite different from what they were in his own manner of speaking. He perceived plainly what he wanted, and applied himself to the acquiring of it.

His efforts to correct his natural defect of utterance, and to perfect himself in pronunciation, of which his friend had made him understand the value, seem al-

most incredible, and prove that an industrious perseverance can surmount all things. His speech was so defective, that he could not pronounce some letters ; among others, that with which the name of the art he studied begins ; and he was so short breathed, that he could not utter a whole period without stopping. At length, he overcame these obstacles by putting small pebbles into his mouth, and pronouncing several verses in this manner without interruption ; and by walking and going up steep and difficult places : so that at last no letter made him hesitate, and his breath held out through the longest periods. He went also to the seaside ; and while the waves were in the most violent agitation, he pronounced harangues, to accustom himself, by the confused noise of the waters, to the roar of the people, and the tumultuous cries of public assemblies.

Demosthenes took no less care of his action than his voice. He had a large looking-glass in his house, which served to teach him gesture, and at which he used to declaim, before he spoke in public. To correct a fault, which he had contracted by an ill habit of shrugging up his shoulders, he practised standing upright in a kind of very narrow pulpit, or rostrum, over which hung a halbert, in such a manner, that if in the heat of the action that motion escaped him, the point of the weapon might serve at once to admonish and correct him.

His application to study was no less surprising. To be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, he caused a small room to be made for him under ground, in which he shut himself up sometimes for



whole months, shaving on purpose half his head and face, that he might not be in a condition to go abroad. It was there, by the light of a small lamp, he composed the admirable Orations, which were said, by those who envied him, to smell of the oil,—to imply that they were too elaborate. “It is plain,” replied he, “yours did not cost you so much trouble.”

He always rose very early in the morning, and used to say, that he was sorry when any workman was at his business before him. We may further judge of his extraordinary efforts to acquire an excellence of every kind, from the pains he took in copying Thucydides eight times with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him.

## LESSON 5.

### *The Art of Happiness.*

Almost every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He, who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness: while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne

has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new publication makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliances, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance ; but, if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water ; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy ; that it is sultry, or windy ; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus, she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her ; and at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates

to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtue to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours; or (what is worst of all) their faults, and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus, Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed, while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a

continual sunshine. There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries within it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living; and, by this practice, may every person arrive to that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never failing fruit is Happiness.

## LESSON 6.

*The English Sailors in Greenland.*

Three English ships were fitted out for Greenland in the year 1630. One of them, being straitened for provisions, the captain sent eight men on shore there to kill venison, leaving them a boat and orders to follow the ship to Green Harbour, which lies a little southward of the place where they were ashore."

These men, having killed fourteen or fifteen deer, proposed next day to have gone on board the ship; but a great quantity of ice driving towards the shore, obliged the ship to stand so far out to sea, that when they came to Green Harbour, she was out of sight. However, the ship being to rendezvous in Bell Sound, and to leave Greenland within three days, the poor creatures began to be very anxious, lest the ship should be gone from thence before they arrived. They therefore thought it proper to fling the venison into the sea, in order to lighten the boat, and make the best of their way to Bell Sound, distant from thence about seventeen leagues to the southward; but none of them knowing the coast very well, they over-shot the port about ten leagues. They were now sensible of their error, and returned to the northward, but one of the company being positive that Bell Sound lay farther to the south, they sailed to the south again, till they were a second time convinced of their mistake; they then turned their boat to the north again, and at length arrived at Bell Sound; but had spent so much time in rowing backwards and

forwards, that the ship had actually left the coast, and was gone for England, to their great astonishment, leaving them unprovided either with clothes, food, firing, or house to shelter themselves from the piercing cold they were to expect in so rigorous a climate.

These unhappy wretches stood looking at one another, as men amazed at the distress to which they were on a sudden reduced; but their consternation being a little abated, they began to think of the most proper means to keep themselves alive during the approaching winter, in a country within twelve degrees of the Pole, being the first that ever did inhabit it the year round, and may be the last that ever will. Perhaps there is no instance in history, of a company of men in such exquisite distress, that shewed more courage and patience, or made a wiser provision for their preservation than these poor men did.

They agreed in the first place to go to Green Harbour, where they arrived in twelve hours, and having provided themselves with nearly twenty deer, and four bears, returned to Bell Sound. Here was a large booth, in which the coopers worked at the fishing season, eighty feet long, and fifty broad, covered with Dutch tiles, and the sides well boarded; within this they built another, whose length was twenty feet, and the breadth sixteen feet, and the height ten, and so contrived that no air could get in; they provided themselves also with wood, which they stowed between the beams and the roof of the greater booth. But taking a slight survey of their provisions, they found there was not half enough to serve

them the whole winter, and therefore they stinted themselves to one meal a day, and agreed to keep Wednesday and Friday as fasting days; putting their confidence in Heaven, who alone could relieve them in their great distress, and redoubling their prayers for strength and patience to go through the dismal trial.

By the 10th of October the nights were grown long, the weather very cold, and the sea frozen over. Having no business to divert their gloomy thoughts they began more than ever to reflect on their miserable condition, but received great satisfaction from their fervent devotions. And now, having more narrowly surveyed their provisions again, they agreed to have three meals a week of fritters, or greaves, which is very loathsome food, being only the scraps of the fat of whales, flung away after the oil is taken out of them. And lest they should want firing hereafter to dress their meat, they determined to roast more at a time, and stowed it up in hogsheads.

It being now the fourteenth of October, the sun had left the poor wretches, but they had the moon both day and night, though much obscured by the clouds and foul weather; there was also a glimmering kind of daylight of eight hours, the latter end of October, which shortened every day till the first of December, from which time to the twentieth of the same month they could perceive no day-light at all, but were enveloped in one continued night. As for light within doors, they made themselves three lamps of some sheet lead they found upon one of the coolers, and there happened to be oil enough to supply them left in the cooper's tent; for

wicks they made use of rope yarns : and these lamps were a great comfort to them in those long dismal nights.

But still their misery was such, that they could not forbear sometimes uttering hasty speeches against the master of the ship, who had caused all this distress ; at other times, reflecting on their former ill-spent lives, they looked upon this as a just punishment of their offences ; and at other times they hoped they were reserved as a wonderful instance of God's mercy in their deliverance, and continued constantly to fall down on their knees, two or three times a day, and implore the protection of the Almighty.

On the first of January they found their day a little increased, and with the new year the cold also increased to that degree, that it raised blisters on their flesh, as if they had been burnt ; and the iron they touched stuck to their fingers.

On the third of February they were cheered again by the light rays of the sun, which shone upon the tops of the snowy mountains, and afforded them the most pleasing scene that ever was beheld, after a night of many weeks and months.

As an addition to their joys, the bears also began to appear again, one of which they killed at their door ; but the cold was so intense, that they could not stay to flay it there, but dragged the beast into the tent, and they went to work cutting her into pieces ; upon this they fed twenty days. Afterwards the bears came about their booth, to the number of forty or more, of which they killed seven, one of them six feet high ; roast-



ing their flesh and eating heartily two or three meals a day, they found their strength increase very fast.

It being now the sixteenth of March, and the days of reasonable length, the fowls, which in winter time fled to the southward, began to resort to Greenland again, in great abundance. The foxes, also, which had kept close in their holes under the rocks all the winter, came abroad, of which they took fifty; and roasting them, found them to be good food.

The weather beginning to grow warm, being the month of May, and the season for the arrival of the shipping coming on, they went some of them, every day, almost to the top of a mountain, to see if they could discern any ships; but on the twenty-eighth of this month, none of them happening to go abroad, and one of them being in the outward booth, heard somebody hail the tent, to which he answered in the seamen's terms. They were just then going to prayers, and only waited for their companion in the other tent to join with them. The man who hailed them was one of the boat's crew that belonged to an English ship just come from England; which the rest, within, no sooner understood, than they ran to meet their countrymen with such transports of joy as cannot be expressed.

One of the ships which now arrived, was commanded by the same master who left these poor wretches ashore; he had, it seems, left seven or eight men in Greenland two years before, who were never heard of afterwards. But notwithstanding the barbarity of their own captain, the commanders and officers of the other ships took care

they should be kindly used, and brought to England, where they received a gratuity from those generous and humane merchants, the Russia Company, and were also well provided for by them.

LESSON 7.

*Vision of the Table of Fame.*

I dreamed, that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure that no creature which was not made in a human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden, there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear, or relish this music with pleasure; but my wonder abated, when upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three syrens, clothed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of

different nations, ranks and ages, were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountains from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it. On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs ; in short there was scarcely any instrument of a mechanic art, or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good demon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, ' he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported ; but, at the same time, advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent.' I took his council, without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no further ; and I observed, that most of the artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered byways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some, that by one false step, fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road there stood a hideous phantom that opposed our further passage.

One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out Death. The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any farther, and some ap-

peared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess, my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances; but, on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplations in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the field about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which showed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was throned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment; and, not being well acquainted with the palace, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch; who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good demon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself.

The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and, though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced, was a man of homely, but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master, Socrates ; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarcely sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that introduced Homer, brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared and took his place. He had enquired at the door for one Suetonius to introduce him ; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affront he had met with among the Roman historians, ' who attempted,' says

he, 'to carry me into the subterraneous apartment ; and perhaps, would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman,' pointing to Polybius, 'who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.'

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several historians. Lucan, the poet, was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered to him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself ; and was heard to say, 'that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly :' upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit ; to which he added, 'that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table.' Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of



Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper, but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves, which of them should show him the greatest mark of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more so to the learned than the military worthies.

The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance. He was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and, therefore, desired Diogenes the Sinopian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, 'that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy.' 'That may be very true,' said Socrates; 'but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time.' This exclusion made way for

Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand ; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

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LESSON 8.

*Common Fame, a Vision.*

There is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps indeed, an innocent unmeaning curiosity, a desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a willingness to profit by reflection upon the actions of others, may sometimes afford an excuse, or sometimes a defence, for inquisitiveness ; but certainly, it is beyond all excuse a transgression against humanity, to carry the matter farther ; to tear off the dressings, as I may say, from the wounds of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion ; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an outrage of a higher nature, which men are guilty of, when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty, and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens, that some feel sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge ; that scandal or lies are told, because another has told such before ; that resentments and quarrels arise, and affronts and injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a scene of vengeance.

All this I have often observed with abundance of concern; and having a strong desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent a distraction from outward objects, and awhile after shot away, upon an impulse of thought, into the world of ideas, where abstracted qualities became visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

That part of the country where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition, so that there was a strange confusion and uproar of sounds about me. At length, as the noise still increased, I could discern a man habited like a herald, (and as I afterwards understood, called Novelty,) that came forward proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs; who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and having a hundred ears upon her head to serve in her inquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown; she seemed to be like a young wife, and had a hundred tongues to spread her stories. The third was Censoriousness, habited like a widow, and surrounded with a hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that

it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information she boasted of.

These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day she was shuffled into a crowd, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away, and Censoriousness so nursed her up that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the power, in gratitude for these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in the procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion.

She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing, from the number of their ears, tongues, and eyes, that they might be the proper genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were, some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up, "I am glad," says she, calling me by my name, "to meet you at this time; stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes." Her voice was sweet and commanding; I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward through the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick, and with a terrible din, all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a musick chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and silence are banished the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moon-shine, and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal powers of mischief. After this Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for that time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing, at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the

sound of a speaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief, or resentment, were heard within it. Thus the three sorceresses discovered, that they whose names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words, they applauded one another's wit and power.

As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking-trumpet ceased to sound, the sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, till then unknown to the place, diffused around it. At this, the detected sorceresses endeavoured to escape in a cloud, which I saw began to thicken round them ; but it was soon dispersed, their charms being controlled, and prevailed over by the superior divinity. For my part I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishment she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of the houses ; to nail the tongues of Talkativeness to Indian tables ; and to put out the eye of Censoriousness with a flash of her light. In respect of

Credulity, I had indeed some little pity, and had I been judge, she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning judge had other designs. She knew them for such as will not be destroyed entirely, while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them, that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame ever-blushing, and Trouble with a whip of many lashes ; two phantoms who had dogged the procession in disguise, and waited till they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then she ordered Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame, at the tormentor's own request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her prisoner could not escape ; and this was done partly for her punishment, and partly for her amendment. Censoriousness was also in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, she drove them from the presence, to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

The cause being now over, she retreated from sight within the splendour of her own glory ; which leaving the house it had brightened, the sounds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and confused as when we entered ; and there being no longer a clear distin-

guished appearance of any objects represented to me, I returned from the excursion I had made in fancy.

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LESSON 9.

*Death of the Eighteenth Century.*

Last night died suddenly, at twelve o'clock, that celebrated character Mr. Eighteenth Century, at the great age of one hundred years. If ever being was entitled to the appellation of "Citizen of the World," it was he. There was not a cotemporary nation, or creature, upon earth, that did not, more or less, enjoy his presence : but with very different degrees of advantage. Realms and states, which, at his birth, had scarcely a being or a name, have, under his auspices, risen into opulence and splendour ; whilst others, then at the summit of glory, have perished, or are mouldering in decay.

The changes and vicissitudes which he wrought among mankind, are still more numerous and diversified. Looking back on the quick succession of generations, the rapid growth and decline of man, he seems to have given health, strength, wealth, and beauty, merely to take them away. Of the myriads who were the companions of his infant years, very few survive him, and of that few, not one possessed of sensibility enough to lament his loss. In the case of a personage who filled such an enormous space, whose time was courted by some, loathed by others, and interesting to all, it cannot be expected that all should agree in one uniform character. Various, therefore, will be the epitaphs which local prejudices and interests will engrave on his tomb.



But however countries or individuals may differ, in their estimation of the political and moral character of the deceased, they will acknowledge, at the same time, that he did much good to the general cause ; that he produced and improved several arts and sciences ; superintended a voyage round the world, by Lord Anson, in 1744 ; introduced a general peace in 1748 ; discovered Otaheite in 1765 ; the longitude the year after ; and the Georgium Sidus in 1781.

To the last moment of his existence, Mr. Eighteenth Century enjoyed the most perfect state of health, and the use of all his faculties undiminished. His days, however, were numbered, and it was long foreseen that he could not survive the period at which his ancestors, for seventeen generations past, had made their final exit. He was buried without pomp or ceremony, the very moment of his dissolution, in the family vault of eternity, whither all his offspring, born in his life-time, had been consigned before him. In this melancholy trial of outliving all his children and friends, he far exceeded the famous Priam. His immediate offspring were one hundred sons, whom he called years. He had from these 36,500 grandsons and granddaughters, called days and nights ; 876,000 great grandchildren, married into the family of the hours ; 52,560,000 great-great-grand children, distinguished by the name of minutes ; and 3,153,600,000 great-great-great-grandchildren (of a pigmy race), dwindled into seconds. He is succeeded by a posthumous child, born the very instant after his decease, and called Nineteenth Century.

## LESSON 10.

*Benevolence, an Eastern Tale.*

Benevolence is the most amiable characteristic of humanity. It may be called, with propriety, a godlike virtue. Sublime in its principles, it is productive of the most ennobling effects ; adding grace to the dignity of religion, and giving its possessor attractions worthy of an angel. Without this property, what are the most exalted attainments of wisdom, honor, or wealth ! They make a show and a sound, but where is their real value ? It is benevolence that turns them into a channel of pure utility, causing them to flow wherever they are most wanted for ornamenting and fructifying the great garden of mankind. For the truly benevolent man suffers his desires to rest nothing short of the universal good of his fellow-creatures ; this leads him to promote their welfare, as much as lies within the compass of his ability : and rich indeed is the reward which he reaps, in the unsullied satisfaction resulting from the practice of such virtue. I will endeavour to impress this lesson by the following tale.

Abdomar lived upon the banks of the Tigris, and was early instructed in the precepts of his religion, which he was taught to venerate in word, thought, and action. His soul glowed with the purest benevolence for all around him : not only his own species, but every part of the creation, claimed a share in his tender regard. Near his dwelling had grown, for more than a century, a vast and thick wood ; into this retreat he often with-

drew to enjoy the contemplative delights of solitude, and to worship the God of Nature in the outward temple of his works. Abdomar was one evening seated in one of the green recesses, which beautifully embellished the borders of this wood, admiring the blue arch of the heavens, gloriously tinged with the last beam of sunset; and was tempted to continue there, until night kindled up her myriads of lamps in the ethereal canopy. He now watched the moon, as she aspired towards her zenith, amid the splendid multitude, and appeared majestically sailing through the light clouds, that drew a momentary veil across her silvery orb. All was silence, save the soothing whispering of the breeze; for the genius of repose had spread his pinions over the face of nature. Tranquillity had taken possession of the soul of Abdomar, and his heart warmed with gratitude to God, who had thus given him an interest in the sublimities of the creation; when suddenly he was roused from these meditations, by a rustling among the bushes near his seat. He arose to ascertain the occasion of this noise, and immediately beheld the figure of a man upon whose countenance the hand of affliction had traced premature wrinkles; a garment of coarse linen enfolded his limbs; his head was uncovered to the dew of night; his arms rested upon his bosom, while he anxiously bent his eyes towards the earth, as if seeking something, yet despairing to find it. Abdomar surveyed him with concern. "Stranger," said he, "may I ask whence cometh thy grief; and why hath the angel of tribulation laid his hand upon thee? Is there none amongst the sons

of Adam who can succour thee ? If there be a balsam for the wound of thy bosom, tell me where, I intreat thee, and my exertions shall aid thee in procuring it !”

The stranger lifted his eyes from the earth, and gazing for a moment, thus replied to the kind enquiries of the youth.—“Young man, whoever thou art, thou art one of the few among the sons of Adam whose soul has been formed by the genius of virtue : for I see stamped upon thy countenance, the grace of the Divine Original. Listen then, and I will tell without reserve. My name is Mirvan. I was left by my father, who was a merchant of Bussora, to the direction of his concerns, on the winding-up of which, I found myself possessed of property to a large amount ; and as I had always considered the enjoyments of retirement to be superior to those of mixed society, and the bustle of commercial life, I disposed of all my effects in the city, and betook myself to a small house and garden at some distance. I pursued a system of the most virtuous economy in living, for I had long contemned luxury as the bane of human nature ; and being shocked at the extravagance which I daily beheld amongst my neighbours, I buried the greater part of my riches in the earth, that they might not tempt me to commit the like evil. I was a constant frequenter of the mosques, and received the lessons of the prophet with reverence : but though I endeavoured to keep the path of virtue, I was not respected by any ; every one treated me ungenerously, and I was at length driven by the asperity of their conduct, to fly all intercourse with mankind. Three suns have

now nearly completed their course, since I have lived solitary ; my food, the fruit and herbs from the wood, and my drink, water from the rock, in whose rugged sides I have found a habitation, if not more convenient, at least more undisturbed than any I have before occupied. As for my riches, they must now moulder away in the earth !” Here the stranger paused, and heaved a sigh that bespoke him yet unacquainted with happiness. “ Mirvan, ” replied Abdomar, “ listen to the voice of instruction, and be wise ! Thou wast not acquainted with the right use of riches, else they had been thy blessing instead of thy curse ; they would have made thee happy, as now they have made thee miserable. Thou wast just in deprecating extravagance, but unjust in not administering what pertained to thy own comfort, and the necessities of others. Had thy hand dispensed a share of thy superfluities amongst the needy, then had their blessings been upon thy head ; hadst thou stretched out thine hand to the unhappy, and brought the forsaken into thine house, then had thine heart truly rejoiced in its abundance ! It is true, that man has no occasion for more than will supply his wants ; but never did Alla dispense his gifts to be neglected, though he frowns on the ingrate who abuses them. Mirvan, thou hast mistaken the true path of virtue. Go return to thy dwelling amongst men, let the spade dig up thy now useless treasure, promote by it the happiness of others ; so shall the Angel of peace come to thy dwelling, and the blessing, of the Most High shall descend upon thy breast !” Mirvan bowed

his head ; he felt his heart touched by the force of these precepts, thanked his instructor, and retired. Scarcely had the sun revisited the hemisphere, when the wanderer arose, and returned towards Bussora. A few days journey brought him to his treasure, which once more saw the light, and became of value in the eyes of his master ; who now opened his doors to the unhappy, and spread his table for the needy. Of him the afflicted expected consolation, and received it : the oppressed looked to him as a redresser of their grievances, and their hopes were not disappointed. Day after day increased the usefulness and the happiness of Mirvan. He saw the good he was capable of bestowing, and adored the hand whose bounty had supplied him with the means ; nor did he forget who first taught him the attainment of such true pleasure, but lived and died blessing the counsel of Abdomar.

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## LESSON 11.

### *Stop a Moment.*

I stood the other day admiring a brilliant vehicle drawn by a superb courser, and driven by a young gentleman of fashion ; he darted along Pall-Mall with a degree of rapidity which, in ancient times, would have ensured to him the crown at the Olympic games ; the pedestrians all gazed at him with astonishment, and the ladies seemed to envy the lot of a charming nymph, who was gracefully seated in the elegant car of triumph.

An old grey-haired man, who was leaning on a knotted stick, far from sharing in the general admiration, exclaimed with a loud voice, Stop a moment. These words were answered by an universal murmur of displeasure, when at the distance of a few yards, some unforeseen obstacle striking against the wheel of the car, it was overturned and dashed in pieces. The gentleman, overwhelmed with confusion and apparently hurt, raised his companion, whose modesty alone was wounded by her fall on the ground. Thus precipitated from their glory, they turned with a downcast air towards a hackney coach, into which they stepped to escape the indiscreet gaze of a curious multitude, who shewed themselves far more malignant than compassionate. Well, said the old man, I foresaw this ; but they would not be advised ; people never know when to stop.

A number of people were soon collected together, who joined in conversation respecting the accident which we had just witnessed ; but it soon turned on new fashions and the follies of the present day. A young man wearing mustachios and loose pantaloons, the fine cloth of which was destined to preserve a pair of spurred boots from the dust and mud, warmly advocated all modern customs ; a middle aged man in an old fashioned dress, ill-humouredly condemned the nudity of the ladies, and the military costume of those young men whose footsteps resound in the neighbourhood of St. James's. The conversation was at first animated, lively, and entertaining ; but the discussion soon became warm, and assumed the nature of a dispute ; the old man, who had hitherto re-

mained a silent auditor, again exclaimed : Stop a moment ! He was disregarded ; the altercation continued, and soon terminated in the appointment of a rendezvous for a duel at Chalk Farm.

I quitted the scene, reflecting on the repeated and useless warnings of the old gentleman, when to my surprize, I suddenly observed him directing his course towards an obscure alley, the fatal entrance to those abodes of perdition called gaming-houses. I followed him for the sake of contemplating this modern Tartarus, where, on his entrance, the wretched victim is allured by the smile of hope, and on his departure, assailed by the gloomy aspect of despair.

We observed for some time the pale votaries of capricious fortune, and the various expressions of joy and disappointment excited by her fantastic decrees. But a young man, as brilliant and light as the goddess herself, soon arrested our attention : he was invariably successful ; the number which he fixed on, never failed to win ; if he changed colours, Fate, apparently, obedient to his wishes, changed with him ; every chance was favourable to him ; the bankers astonished, threw off their accustomed apathy, and reluctantly paid the tributes which they usually regard as their own spoil. A mountain of gold was raised before the fortunate gamester ; the old man stepped forward, tapped him on the shoulder, and whispered, Stop !

The thoughtless young man replied by a burst of laughter, and doubled his play. Fortune now changed, reverse succeeded reverse, his mountain gradually dimi-



nished, his treasure vanished. The inconsiderate fool exclaimed against fate, emptied his pocket-book and lost all. The old man then roared in a voice of thunder : Unhappy wretch ! Stop, I say ! The ungrateful young man loaded his kind adviser with insults and threats ; borrowed from his neighbours, and consummated his own ruin. Frantic with despair he rose and quitted the infernal assembly, who scarcely observed his departure, and rushed out exclaiming, that the waves of the Thames were his only resource. We immediately followed him ; I called after him, but without effect. At the foot of the staircase we beheld a young female in tears ; she threw herself at his feet ; he wished to avoid her ; she presented to him a purse and a casket ; nothing could move his resolution ; at length she exclaimed in a melting tone of voice, In the name of love, in the name of your children, stay, I intreat you ! The young man turned, wiped away a tear, embraced her, and they departed. He is saved and corrected, said the old man. This exhortation spoke to his heart ; mine addressed itself only to his understanding.

I was alone with my old philosopher, and being deeply moved by the words he had last uttered, Who are you ? I enquired. I have frequently listened without emotion to the most eloquent discourses ; the great works of our philosophers have excited rather than satisfied my curiosity, obscured rather than enlightened my understanding ; if they have cured me of many errors, they have on the other hand made me doubt many truths ; you utter only three words, and yet I feel that you command my confidence, and inspire me with respect.

My friend, said he, I have lived long in the world, I have enjoyed opportunities and reflection, I have by turns adopted various systems, but long expérience has reduced all my philosophy to the simple precept, Stop a moment !”

If we knew when to stop, we should be rendered happy by sentiment instead of being tormented by passion. Through not knowing when to stop, courage changes to temerity, severity to tyranny, economy to avarice, generosity to profusion, love to jealousy, piety to fanaticism, liberty to licentiousness, royalty to despotism, submission to baseness, and eulogium to flattery. Empires fall like men, because they wish to advance too far and too rapidly ; nobody either wishes or knows how to stop.

The kings of Persia would not be stopped by the sea, and the boundaries of their vast dominions ; they dashed against the little cities of Greece, the warlike inhabitants of which, overthrew their throne.

How many eastern monarchs, unable to endure the thought of having their will stopped by a law, have been enslaved and assassinated by their slaves, whilst their fate has excited no sympathy beyond the walls of their palaces !

Alexander, whom no conquests could satisfy, yielded at Babylon, and perished in the flower of his age, because reason could not stop him in his career of dissipation.

The Greeks, not knowing where to stop, either in their passion for liberty, or their vain desire for dominion, became divided against each other, made foreigners interfere in their disputes, and degenerated into servitude.

In vain did Cato exclaim to the Romans, Stop! They ran in quest of worldly riches, which undermined their power, corrupted their manners, destroyed their liberty, and first delivered them to the mercy of tyrants, and then to barbarians.

In modern times what follies and crimes have been committed for want of knowing when to stop! What piles have been kindled because piety has been unable to repress fanaticism! What massacres have ensued because the nobility refused to respect either the royal prerogative or the rights of the people!

What misfortunes might not Charles XII. have avoided, had he known how to check himself; he would not have fled at Pultowa, had he stopped at Narva.

Had Buonaparte known when to stop, he would not have led his veterans to the snowy regions of Russia; had he not been blinded by the excess of his ambition, he would not have been a prisoner and an exile at St. Helena.

There is no good quality which does not become a fault when carried too far; good when exaggerated is converted into evil; the fairest cause, that of Heaven itself, dishonours its supporters, when unable to curb their zeal, they burn instead of instructing the incredulous.

Believe me, there is no virtue more profitable, no wisdom more useful than moderation. To ameliorate mankind, the best lesson that can be given to them is, Stop a moment!

## LESSON 12.

*Fortitude of the Indian Character.*

A party of the Seneca Indians came to war against the Katawba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress. On his perceiving them he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice; and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined, that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scantiness of food, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments to

which he was destined, would have so impaired his health, and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances ; but I never knew this happen to any of the Indians : and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies ;—for when they were taking him, unpinioned, on their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, and only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank ; but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favours they had done and intended to do him. After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them, (continues the author,) he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast newly broken loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested,

till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him :—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him ; but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot ; clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and was taken by them to the fiery torture.—He dug them up—burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since then in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all,

for he surely was an enemy-wizard ; and they therefore returned home.

### LESSON 13.

#### *Affection and Sagacity of Animals.*

The more I reflect on the natural affection of animals, the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful than the shortness of its duration. Thus every hen is, in her turn, the virago of the yard, in proportion to the helplessness of her brood ; and will fly in the face of a dog or sow, in defence of those chickens, which, in a few weeks, she will drive before her with relentless cruelty. This affection sublimates the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Dams will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger, in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a sportsman, in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. The fly-catcher of the zoolog builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But, a hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection of the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while, with

wings expanded, and mouth gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring.

A farther instance I once saw of notable sagacity in a willow-wren, which had built in a bank in my fields. A friend and myself had observed the bird as she sat in her nest, but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how the brood went on; but no nest could be found, till I happened to take up a bundle of long green moss, as it were carelessly thrown over the nest, in order to dodge the eye of any impertinent intruder.

A still more remarkable mixture of sagacity and instinct occurred to me one day, as my people were pulling off the lining of a hot-bed, in order to add some fresh dung. From the side of this bed, leaped, with great agility, an animal that made a most grotesque figure; nor was it without great difficulty that it could be taken: when it proved to be a large white-bellied field-mouse, with three or four young clinging to her teats by their mouths and feet. It was amazing that the desultory and rapid motions of the dam should not have obliged her litter to quit their hold, especially when they were so young as to be both naked and blind.

To these instances of tender attachment, many more might be added by those who are observant of nature.

There is also a wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation. The congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance. Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one mi-



nute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse not only will not stay by himself abroad, but will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable, without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavoring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out of a stable window after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten in solitude, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for I know a doe, still alive, that was brought up, from a little fawn, with a dairy of cows; with them it goes to the field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship, for a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees, an apparent regard be-

gan to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other.

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LESSON 14.

*A Fable by the celebrated Linnæus, translated from the Latin.*

Once upon a time the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with his thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon, and stay there three days, in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready, to convey them to the place they desired to see; they picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length

they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there, well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and, being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the window that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun give an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on.

The next day they rose very early, in order to begin their observations; but, some very beautiful young ladies of that country, coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake. The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolutions of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; so that this whole day was spent in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords: the elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard; and, what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them, to hear the

wonders of the moon described ; but all they could tell was, (for that was all they knew,) that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees ; but what kind of flowers they saw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days, the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, youth, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator ; all that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, old age, in which, after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-suits and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus, it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

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LESSON 15.

*Solon and Cræsus.*

The name of Cræsus, the fifth and last king of Lydia, who reigned 557 years before Christ, has passed into a proverb to describe the possession of immense riches. When Solon, the legislator of Athens, and one of the most celebrated of the ancient sages of Greece, came to Sardis, where Cræsus held his court, he was received in

a manner suitable to the reputation of so great a man. The king, attended by his courtiers, appeared in all his regal pomp and splendour, dressed in the most magnificent apparel. Solon, however, did not discover surprise or admiration. This coldness and indifference astonished and displeased the king: who next ordered that all his treasures, his magnificent apartments, and costly furniture, his diamonds, statues, and paintings should be shown to the philosopher.

When Solon had seen all, he was brought back to the king; who asked whether he had ever beheld a happier man than he. Yes, replied Solon: one Tellus, a plain but worthy citizen of Athens, who lived all his days above indigence, saw his country in a flourishing condition, had children who were universally esteemed, and, having had the satisfaction of seeing those children's children, died gloriously fighting for his country.

Such an answer, in which gold and silver were accounted as nothing, seemed to Croesus to indicate strange ignorance and stupidity. However, as he flattered himself with being ranked in the second degree of happiness, he asked him whether, after Tellus, he knew another happier man? Solon answered, Cleobis and Biton of Argos, two brothers, perfect patterns of fraternal affection, and of the respect due from children to their parents. Upon a solemn festival their mother, a priestess of Juno, was obliged to go to the temple; and the oxen not being ready for her chariot, they put themselves in the harness, and drew it thither amidst the blessings of the people. Every mother present congratulated the pries-

tess on the piety of her sons. She, in the transport of her joy and thankfulness, earnestly entreated the goddess to reward her children with the best things that Heaven could give to man. Her prayers were heard ; when the sacrifice was over, they fell asleep in the temple, and there died in a soft and peaceful slumber.

What, then, exclaimed Cræsus, you do not reckon me in the number of the happy ! King of Lydia, replied Solon, true philosophy, considering what an infinite number of vicissitudes and accidents the life of man is liable to, does not allow us to glory in any prosperity we enjoy ourselves, nor to admire happiness in others, which, perhaps, may prove only transient or superficial. No man can be esteemed happy, but he whom Heaven blesses with success to the last. As for those who are perpetually exposed to dangers, we account their happiness as uncertain as the crown to a champion before the combat is determined.

It was not long before Cræsus experienced the truth of what Solon had told him. Being defeated by Cyrus king of Persia, and his capital taken, he was himself taken prisoner; and, by order of the conqueror, laid bound upon a pile to be burnt alive. The unfortunate prince now recollected the admonition of the Athenian sage, and cried aloud, O Solon, Solon, Solon !

Cyrus, who with the chief officers of his court was present, was curious to know why Cræsus pronounced that name with so much vehemence. Being told the reason, and reflecting upon the uncertainty of all sublunary things, he was touched with commiseration, ordered the

monarch to be taken from the pile, and treated him afterwards with honour and respect.

Thus had Solon the glory of saving the life of one king, and giving a wholesome lesson of instruction to another.

LESSON 16.

*Generous Revenge.*

At the period when the republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be the head of a popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical form of government.

The nobles at length uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigour; and in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation of all his property. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments, in pronouncing this sentence on Uberto, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. "You, (said he.)—you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa,—you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothingness whence you sprung."

Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, "that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own." He then made his obeisance and retired; and after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipelago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honour and generosity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country house, he saw a young Christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labour, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed; and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth



eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his enquiries, informed him he was a Genoese. "And what is your name, young man? (said Uberto.) You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and condition."

"Alas! (he answered,) I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is indeed one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son. "Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried, "Thank Heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young Adorno, and having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he turned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

After a stay of some days at Tunis to dispatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homewards, accompanied by young Adorno, who by his pleasing

manners had highly ingratiated himself with him. Uber-  
to kept him some time at his house, treating him with  
all the respect and affection he could have shown  
for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a  
safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him  
a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with  
every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one  
hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him :

“ My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain  
you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impa-  
tience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it  
would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary  
of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign  
to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this  
letter to your father. He probably may recollect some-  
what of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell!  
I shall not soon forget you, and I will hope you will not  
forget me.” Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful  
and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears  
and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home ; and  
the transport with which he was again beheld by his  
almost heart-broken parents, may more easily be con-  
ceived than described. After learning that he had been a  
captive in Tunis, ( for it was supposed that the ship in  
which he sailed had foundered at sea,) “ And to whom,  
(said old Adorno,) am I indebted for the inestimable  
benefit of restoring you to my arms?” “ This letter  
(said his son) will inform you.” He opened it, and read  
as follows :

"That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble ! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is,

*The banished Uberto.*

Adorno dropped the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his son was displaying, in the warmest language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him.

As the debt could not be cancelled, Adorno resolved if possible to repay it. He made such powerful intercession with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

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#### LESSON 17.

##### *The Region of Liberty, a Dream.*

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed

a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wildness of those cold, hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the goddess of Liberty; whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that, without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriance and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south side of the mountains, that, by an infinite number of turnings and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to

and fro in a wonderful variety of meanders, as unwilling to leave so charming a place, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think is the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake \* at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery, but it runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and, in the midst of them, beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to enclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her; and, as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the goddess sat the genius of a commonwealth, with the cap of liberty on her head, and, in her hand, a wand like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air: her eyes were full of fire; but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than

\* The lake of Geneva.

amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, "The Ides of March."

On the right-hand of the goddess was the genius of monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand, she held a sceptre like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet. Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror. Her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependant goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in

a little island that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange trees; and, in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty; of the second, Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which she poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and more so, because it was not incumbered with fences and inclosures; until at length, methought I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of the trees, which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by storks, that come thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought I was pleased in my dream to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high that they are out of sight, and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from

this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance, with a turban upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue, I saw Licentiousness, leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mishapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar, in this quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awakened me.



## CHAP II.

## DIDACTIC PIECES.



## LESSON I.

*On the Duties of the Young.*

It is the duty of young people to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. While the heart is most susceptible of piety and gratitude, they should reverence and fear, worship and praise, love and obey, the great and glorious Being who made them after his own image, and is always doing them good. In the season of youth, the heart should rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can an object be found so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? His works every where display grandeur and majesty, and the richest blessings flow from his liberal hand. He is the guide of your childhood, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years.

As you ought to exercise piety towards God, so you ought likewise to honour your parents, and to submit to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth: and modesty is one of its chief ornaments. Commit yourselves, therefore, to the guidance

of the more experienced, and become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you.

Truth is the basis of every virtue. Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. It obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent.

Ingenuousness and candour possess the most powerful charms. They bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing.

The path of truth is a plain and safe path ; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads to another, till you are left entangled in your own snare.

Youth is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of our happiness is to depend on the connection which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes, the temper and the manners which will render such connection comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave in your mind that sacred rule " of doing all things to others, according as you wish that they should do to you."

Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sym-

pathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Go sometimes, therefore, "to the house of mourning," as well as "to the house of feasting." Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life ; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired. In youth, the motives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy : for it is labour only, which gives the relish to pleasure.

Think not that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being ; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always, that the years, which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. They form an important part of the register of your life. From your thoughtless minds they escape ; but they remain in the remembrance of God.

## LESSON 2.

*On the Duty of Children to Parents.*

As the duty of children to parents is enjoined in the clearest manner, and under the strongest sanctions, by the law of God; so it is also required by, what is indeed the law of God too, the voice of nature, reason, and humanity.

You observe how the young of animals appear to be committed by nature to the care and protection of their parents: they have continual recourse to them in their wants and fears, and conform instantly to every intimation of such lawful guides and governors. The parents accordingly, on the other hand, are in a most wonderful manner, both disposed to undertake this trust, and enabled to execute it.

These ties, we see, are first formed by the hand of nature; and the child that endeavours to break loose from this regular dependance and subjection, opposes the order instituted by Providence, and the course of things. He can find no example in any other species to countenance his unnatural wilfulness; and the voice of every creature upon earth cries out against him, and condemns him.

But reason also in the human species is on the same side, and strengthens the ties of nature. Regard to the public and our own welfare, will prescribe the same conduct, to which we are already prompted by prior motives: nor is this argument above the capacity of those to whom it is addressed. Even a child may soon perceive so much as that he is not so wise as his parents:

that if he follow his own fancy in opposition to their judgment, it is very likely both that he will do mischief, and have cause himself to repent it.

For together with the superiority of their understanding, he will observe also the tenderness of their affection. Their advice, he must soon be sensible, is sincere, honest, and disinterested. His other counsellors (and his passions are to be reckoned among the number) may be his enemies ; and generally they are at best but their own friends. But his parents, he may be very sure, will be faithful to him. Theirs are the counsels of kindness, and their reproofs, the effects, and very often the best tokens of it. There can be no difference between him and them, but about the means ; the thing aimed at on both sides is the same ; it is his welfare, honour, and happiness. They would be glad to gratify even his humour, but they prefer his lasting good. No other consideration, but the view of his advantage, could prevail with them to offend him.

This affection which your parents bear towards you, and the great good they have done you in consequence of it, give them still another title to your consideration and respect, a right to be regarded by you for their own sake. And if in some instances you were persuaded, and truly too, that their counsels were not the most advantageous, this would not immediately exempt you from all obligation to comply with them. Gratitude, and some tenderness surely on your part, in return for so much on theirs, must be allowed to have weight, and come in to supply the place of more selfish considera-

tions. Must your own satisfaction be the end of all your measures? or rather, cannot you receive satisfaction from the gratification of others? Will it afford you no pleasure, to give it to your best friends and greatest benefactors? You may part with something, were it even to the mistakes of such persons; and exchange, with no great loss, your own desires for this pleasure of pleasing.



### LESSON 3.

#### *On the Duty of Children to Parents, (concluded).*

The occasions which demand from you the greatest tokens of respect and tenderness in your behaviour to your parents, are when they labour under infirmities of body or mind, and in the time of their extreme old age. You will then double all your tender assiduity: you will watch their wishes, prevent their desires, catch every precious opportunity to be grateful, with an eager, sweet attention: of which you will give them a thousand little inestimable proofs, which words cannot teach, and not to know, is criminal; which require no capacity but that of feeling, and are to be understood in the heart.

I do not condescend to mention that they may be in want: they must not be so, while you have anything, though it were only strength to maintain them by your labour.

But however affluent their fortunes, or liberal your supplies, they will always want, in that state of old age and infirmity, an indulgence and care which wealth can-

not procure; and which, if it could, lose all their value when they are purchased. They will look for tokens of your kindness, which cannot be received from other hands. Their child is still the comfort and delight of their dying eyes; and no other object is so pleasing. You will be ready to answer such demands; your heart will correspond to these calls of nature. You will be proud of the humblest offices, and pleased with the most irksome. They cannot give your patience more exercise than you have given theirs. They will not live to let you clear your obligations. Pay what you can, you will still be debtors. Your felicity must be singular, or their distress, if you recompense them the things that they have done for you.

It is written, indeed, in history, that one woman, when her aged father was confined in prison, and like to die by famine there, obtained leave of his keepers to visit him once a day, and sustained him with the milk from her breast. Filial duty, in this instance, took the place of parental love, and taught her in his extremity to become a mother to him.

One writer seems to intimate, that this same old man, who had so much comfort in his daughter, had been a voluntary prisoner himself in his younger years for his father. How remarkably would this fulfil the words of the wise Jewish writer, "He that honoreth his father, shall have joy of his own children!"

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## LESSON 4.

*Virtue, Man's true Interest.*

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion. Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals either of my own or of a different kind? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No,—nothing like it;—the furthest from it possible.—The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone.

But is it not possible so to accommodate it by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, be beyond me, it is not possible.—What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this: If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existed?

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—Why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached?—Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted?—The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere, at least possible. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what



follows? If so, then honor and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still,—I stop not here;—I pursue the social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again,—I must have food and clothing.—Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish.—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? To the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? To that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.—What then have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honor and justice, and what I owe to man are my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater governor our common parent.

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## LESSON 5.

*On Sincerity.*

Truth and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better ; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to ? For to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellence. Now the best way for a man to seem to be any thing is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it ; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction ; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many

## LESSON 6.

*The fatal Effects of Indolence.*

No other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation ; he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it ; he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it : he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving ; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch or at the gallows : if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt : and, if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in prison.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement ; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute ideots as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application : nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence un-

necessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory; but content myself with a more modern, and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited; and, at the same time, reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors as the boys of Christ-Church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern Rhymer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and, if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as Madame Catharina distorts her body.

There is not, in the world, a more useless idle animal than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endea-

your to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as a negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He who does no good, must certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will certainly become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore, a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or, at best, ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to take rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved, and more universally avoided than my friend Careless. He is a humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself

must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue, then, is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, 'I have lost a day!' If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost! and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life! If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue; it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeably to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man twenty years old, dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tombstones commemorate no act of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them; but only record, that they were born one day and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and mortality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying ground, in which every person, whose remains are there

deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive ; and a little square stone inscribed with Ob. Ann. *Æt.* 80, would be a nobler eulogium than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

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LESSON 7.

*Beauties of Natural History.*

Animated being is that branch of Natural History which possesses charms the most numerous and diversified, and is fraught with the most important consequences to man ; but this division of nature cannot be comprised at a glance. It is advisable, that the student should begin with examining the nature and qualities of such quadrupeds as are most familiar to his observation. Even in the dog and horse, how many properties reside which are hourly experienced, but seldom considered with attention ! From such objects as are most obvious and inviting, he should gradually ascend by firm and patient steps to the knowledge of others.

The larger animals, and such as contribute to general pleasure and utility, will doubtless first engage his attention. After duly scanning their nature and instincts, their growth, their maturation, their increase, the care of their young, their selection of food, and the various means with which Providence has endowed them for

their preservation, the student should descend to an examination of such quadrupeds as are more minute, or retired from his notice; and, when he is tolerably well acquainted with those of his own country, should extend his views to the natives of foreign regions.

The sagacious docility of the elephant, the persevering fortitude of the camel, the generous magnanimity of the lion, and the savage fierceness of the hyena and the tiger, will supply abundant materials for reflections, and incentives to further and closer investigation. It will be thus discovered how the useful quadrupeds are wisely allotted to their respective climates, and to the exigencies of man; and how the noxious classes are generally restrained to haunts little frequented by our race, while their numbers are limited by the most admirable and benevolent economy of nature.

After this acquaintance with the history of quadrupeds, the student should proceed to birds, the most beautiful and most innocent tribes of the creation; and learn the means by which they are enabled to subsist either on land or water; the invariable structure of their nests, according to their respective kinds; and the fond affection they display for their young. He will find that those birds whose beauty of plumage excite his admiration, are generally destitute of harmonious voices; so that the parrot, the peacock, and pheasant, disgust by their screams, while the homely lark, the nightingale, and blackbird, delight by the sweetness of their melody, and captivate unseen.



Reptiles, the next class in animated nature, are far less numerous, and less inviting. In the formidable alligator, in the poisonous serpent, in the harmless tortoise and the lively frog, very opposite qualities will be discovered; but in all will still be discernible a perfect fitness to their respective situations in the scale of creation.

The next class to which the student should turn his attention is that of fishes. The conformation of these, their wonderful adaptation to the element which they inhabit, their amazing fecundity, their powers and faculties, though inferior to those of birds and beasts, will challenge his admiration, and animate his researches.

The science of entomology, or of insects, is so extensive as to baffle the most inquisitive investigator. Every plant, every leaf, is the abode or food of one or more species, some of which are imperceptible to the naked eye. All insects are propagated from eggs, and, by a wonderful law of nature, undergo several metamorphoses before they arrive at their perfect state. The caterpillar, the aurelia, and the butterfly, so distinguishable from each other, are but one and the same animal in different stages of its existence. Even the minutest insect is formed with as much skill as the most stately quadruped; and is equally qualified to enjoy life, and to transmit that life to posterity. A general knowledge, however, of this numerous class will be sufficient; and from insects he will extend his observation to worms, including the shelly tribe, the beauty and the mechanism of which baffle all description.

In these, life seems to be scarcely active, and to many of them, a locomotive power is denied ; yet even the zoophyte which connects the animal with the vegetable kingdom, even the animalcule that floats in the liquors which we drink or lodges in our food, has its sphere of duties to fulfil, and its share of blessings to enjoy.

From the study of animated being, let the curious student direct his attention to vegetables ; from vegetables to minerals ; and from the garniture produce of the earth, to the celestial orbs that roll in the abyss of space ; the planets in their regular courses, the comets in their eccentric orbits, and the myriads of fixed stars that adorn the vault of heaven. How amazing is the contemplation of the universe ! Wonders crowd on wonders ; and the mind is bewildered, till it recurs to the Supreme Universal Cause, and reposes on the bosom of Omnipotence.

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### LESSON 8.

#### *On Cruelty to inferior Animals.*

Man is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united : as the numbers and variety of the latter, his inferiors, are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors ; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependent on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependent on the wills of those above us ; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to

the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well-founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial Judge ! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviation from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses ! No small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and suffering, of inferior animals ; a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows ; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect nor care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox, with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe ; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the tailor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who formed in a softer mould, view, with pity, the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged

without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest : the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart : and the sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet.

These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation ; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated.

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### LESSON 9.

#### *Happiness prevalent in the Creation.*

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place, without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring, is one of the most cheerful objects

that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect-tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them.—But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification. What else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about, with an alacrity in their motions, which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy, that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement,) all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side, in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud,

or rather, very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space, filled with young shrimps, in act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this: if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure, simply, from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing any thing of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or, perhaps, of the single word which it has learnt to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run (which precedes walking,) although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having any thing to say, and with walking, without knowing where

to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe, that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds, what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, "perception of ease." Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy, but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy, when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience or rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease, oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort; especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau, to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life.

## LESSON 10.

*Fortune not to be trusted.*

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard ; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand, without difficulty, the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to Fortune, even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honors, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us ; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them : we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away ; as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states ; and, having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it ; for, in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are



dejected by them, erects, on this very misfortune, a trophy to his honor : for, such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest : and, yet, where, is the man who will presume to defame the death of Socrates ? This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced the thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place ; for, how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was here ? Aristides was led to execution in the same city ; all those who met the sad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, (for, monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature,) who spit in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his cheek, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, ‘ Admonish this man not to be so nasty for the future.’

Ignominy, then, takes no hold on virtue ; for, virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers ; and, when she falls into adversity, we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to ? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

## LESSON 11.

*The Folly of Avarice.*

When we behold a man labouring in the pursuit of riches with care, solicitude, and anxiety, and yet neglecting to employ his riches in the promotion of those ends for which they are bestowed by a benignant Providence, can we hesitate to say that he is guilty of extreme folly? For what is his aim in hoarding up unnecessary wealth? We will not suppose him that despicable wretch, who hoards it merely for the pleasure of possession. Grant that he has some further end in view. At present, perhaps, though sufficiently affluent to live with ease and comfort, he is not distinguished from the crowd. He wishes to acquire a fortune, that may enable him to figure in the world; to maintain a splendid equipage to draw attention and respect; to purchase every joy that his heart may desire; to obtain those superfluities and luxuries that are possessed by others; in a word, to move and shine in the higher spheres of life. For this he adds house to house, and field to field; one heap to another, till there be no place left. Suppose him successful to his utmost expectations. Give him that immensity of fortune at which he thus ardently aspires. What do you give him in consequence? That empty splendour, which, whilst it draws the gaze of folly, incurs the contempt of wisdom; that servile flattery, which for reward is offered at the shrine of vanity; that luxury, which is the bane of health; those pleasures, which enervate both the bodily and mental powers:—these are the valuable goods, the wonderful advantages, which the

man of overgrown fortune may enjoy above him who rests contented with a moderate estate. And shall we vex our spirits, and neglect the duties of humanity for this? Are these likely, in the nature of things, to add to real enjoyment? Or do they so in fact? Experience is the great decider of every dispute; and to experience we appeal.

In the course of your acquaintance, you have seen men raised from moderate circumstances to a splendid fortune. By a combination of favourable events; by a lucky occurrence in business, or by the death of a relation, you have known the plain, sober man, who lived contented on the gains of honest industry, exalted, on a sudden, to a large estate; surrounded with a numerous retinue, figuring in the circles of the gay and dissipated, and affecting to participate their pleasures. Instances of this kind you must have frequently observed. But did you ever know such a change take place for the better, unless in those whose beneficence increased with their means, and who were at pains to counteract the evil tendency of riches on the mind, by applying them to generous purposes? Often have you known this change the cause of lessening or destroying happiness; very seldom of increasing it. Sometimes, probably, you have heard the man, thus raised from competence to wealth and splendour, acknowledging with regret, that accumulated wealth brings accumulated care, and that the pleasures of the great and affluent, though more showy, are far less substantial, than those which moderate circumstances and the middle walks of life afford. If, therefore, we are joining house to house, and

laying field to field, from a fond expectation, that in riches we shall find enjoyments, which we never found in competence, the testimony of those who have made the experiment may convince us, that we are likely to be disappointed. Nay, it is highly probable, both from reasoning and observation, that the very circumstances from which we promise ourselves an addition to our happiness, may prove, in the hand of Providence, the foundation of much misery. In appointing some to wealth, and some to poverty, it is the intention of the Almighty, that the wants of one class should be supplied from the superabundance of the other, and that these different states should give rise to the exercise of different virtues. Now, in withholding from charitable purposes a proportionable share of that substance with which we are blessed by indulgent Heaven, we refuse to co-operate with this intention, and thus set ourselves in opposition to that God, who gives us our riches to try what spirit we are of, and to enable us to imitate his own beneficence. But this opposition cannot be successful in the issue. For who has at any time hardened himself against the most High, and prospered? If our desires are not regulated upon his plan, we shall find them punished even by indulgence. If we seek enjoyment that is independent of him; if we trust in uncertain riches more than in the true; if we continue to increase our fortune, without applying a just proportion of that increase to beneficent purposes, according to the intention of the all-wise Giver, we shall certainly taste the fruits of our folly in disappointment and vexa-

tion ; we shall be forced at last, to confess with sorrow, that except the pleasure of doing good, meat, fire, and clothes, are all that riches can afford. Whatever is beyond, is show and emptiness.

But it may be said, and said with truth, that there are many who, after having acquired the largest fortunes, live with the same decent sobriety, the same laudable industry as before. They have never affected the empty splendor, nor the frivolous amusements, nor the extravagant luxuries, nor the guilty pleasures of the gay, the dissipated, and voluptuous. So far, well. They live in that way which is most conducive to real enjoyment. But thus living, much must be saved. What then becomes of the overplus ? How laudably is this employed ? The question, I fear, should give the blush to multitudes, who live sparingly only that they may hoard plentifully. Without knowing how to spend, they still continue to increase their income. And for what purpose ? That they may see their houses and fields multiplying around them ; that they may behold a country, or what would purchase a country, in their own possession ; that, as one has emphatically expressed it, " they may be left alone upon the face of the earth." Pitiful ambition ! And pitiful the pleasure with which it is attended ! Say, ye sordid spirits, where is the advantage of riches which you cannot use ? Unless you spend or give away their produce, your money and your lands are as much mine as yours. Your fields smile, your groves blossom, your streams murmur, your woodlands sing for me ; for every one who has a heart at

ease, and a taste to enjoy them. What more do they for you? It is indeed a question if they do so much. For the narrow, contracted spirit has seldom a keen relish for the beauties either of nature or of art. It is true, they might do more by proper application. One pleasure your possessions might procure you, which is above all price;—a pleasure which would make your property truly your own;—a pleasure which will sooth the heart at that moment, when gold and silver lose their lustre, when the goods of fortune can give no joy unless they have been employed in acts of piety and goodness. Yes, ye sons of affluence, ye may taste the godlike satisfaction of making poverty smile, of lifting the head of modest merit, of wiping the tear from the widow's eye, and saving her offspring from ignorance and vice. Here, indeed, the advantage of the rich is conspicuous. Who would not wish his wealth increased, that he might become the father of the poor, the widow's husband, and the orphan's stay?



## LESSON 12.

### *Importance of a good Character.*

A regard to ease, to interest, and to success, in the usual pursuits of wealth and ambition, may induce many to pursue an honest and honorable conduct, who would not have been influenced by purer motives; but who, after they have once perceived the intrinsic excellence and beauty of such a conduct, will probably persevere in it for its own sake, and upon higher considerations.

To those who are to make their own way either to wealth or honors, a good character is usually no less necessary than address and abilities. Though human nature is degenerate, and corrupts itself still more by its own inventions, yet it usually retains to the last an esteem for excellence. But even if we are arrived at such an extreme degree of depravity as to have lost our native reverence for virtue, yet a regard to our own interest and safety, which we seldom lose, will lead us to apply for aid, in all important transactions, to men whose integrity is unimpeached.

When we choose an assistant or associate in a profession, a partner, or a servant, our first inquiry is concerning his character. When we have occasion for a counsellor or attorney, a physician, or apothecary, whatever we may be ourselves, we always choose to trust our property and persons to men of the best character. When we fix on the tradesmen who are to supply us with necessaries, we are not determined by the outward sign of the lamb, or the wolf, or the fox, nor by a shop fitted up in the most elegant taste, but by the fairest reputation. Look into a daily newspaper, and you will see, from the highest to the lowest rank, how important the characters of the employed appear to the employers. After the advertisement has enumerated the qualities required in the person wanted, there constantly follows, that none need apply who cannot bring an undeniable character. Offer yourself as a candidate for a seat in parliament, be promoted to honor and emolument, or in any respect attract the attention of mankind upon your-

self, and if you are vulnerable in your character, you will be deeply wounded. This is a general testimony in favour of honesty, which no writings and no practices can possibly refute.

Young men, therefore, whose moral characters are yet unfixed, and who, consequently, may render them just such as they wish, ought to pay great attention to the first steps which they take on entrance into life. They are usually careless and inattentive to this object. They pursue their own plans with ardour, and neglect the opinions which others entertain of them. By some thoughtless action or expression, they suffer a mark to be impressed upon them, which scarcely any subsequent merit can entirely erase. Every man will find some persons, who, though they are not professed enemies, yet view him with an envious or a jealous eye, and who will gladly revive and aggravate any tale which malice has invented, or to which truth has given the slightest foundation.

In this turbulent and confused scene, where our words and actions are often misunderstood, and oftener misrepresented, it is indeed difficult even for innocence and integrity to avoid reproach, abuse, contempt, and hatred. These not only hurt our interest, and impede our advancement in life, but sorely afflict the feelings of a tender and delicate mind. It is, then, the part of wisdom, first to do every thing in our power to preserve an irreproachable character, and then to let our happiness depend chiefly on the approbation of our own consciences, and on the advancement of our interest in a



world where liars shall not be believed, and where slanderers shall receive no countenance.

LESSON 13.

*The Art of Pleasing.*

The desire of being pleased is universal ; the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what we wish they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable ; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures : but this is not all ; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers, for our fellow-travellers in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in England particularly, who without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence seem to be totally indifferent, and do not show the least desire to please ; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill-health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independence, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality which is the effect of it makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps small, stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns then must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in ! A prudent usurer would, with transport, place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean, in the current acceptation of the word : he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and good-sense : but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and

only to be acquired by a minute attention to good company. A good natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier : but his manner often degrades and vilifies the matter ; whereas in goodbreeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary outwork of manners, as well as of religion : it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible and to the well-bred part of the world.

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#### LESSON 14.

#### *Providence proved from Animal Instinct.*

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life ; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation ; the arguments for Providence, drawn from the natural history of animals, being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind ; and yet there is not the least

turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life, than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures, are lust and hunger: the first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent of the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no further, as insects, and several kind of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, then their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temperate weather which raises a genial warmth in animals, should cover

the trees with leaves, and fields with grass, for their security and concealment; and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods ?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young ?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing that can so effectually show the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person, who was well skilled in dissections, opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite torture, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her pain: on the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent

may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it ; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species ; nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards ; for in all family affection, we find protection granted, and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life ; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species.

The wisdom of animals is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of its instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding.—To use an instance that comes often under observation : With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance ! When she has laid her

eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principle of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing its nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick, though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of her species,) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of

those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature, than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism; but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

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### LESSON 15.

#### *On the Neglect of early Improvement.*

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of the lives of those who are not brought up to any manual employment, has slipped away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfac-



tions?—That they should pursue their pleasures.—But religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life.

Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed-time is already past: the enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to those who perhaps have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general.

When the former part of our life\* has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: and as we can neither command amusement in all places, nor relish it at all times, there is an absolute necessity for employment. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond, for a while, of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence, there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it when possessed: till melancholy increases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening toward the close of day.

Hence it is, that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse; because the sprightliness of youth represented every thing in the most engaging light. When men are in high good-humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around them; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul distempered with spleen, remorse, and insensibility of each rational satisfaction darkens, and discolours every object. The change is not in the times, but in them who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

How much otherwise is it with those who have treasured up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency which though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength; for, in literature, as in war, each new conquest he gains, empowers him to push his conquests still further, and to enlarge the empire of reason. Thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

## LESSON 16.

*The Folly of Anger.*

The maxim of Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of thy anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity; and thought that he could not confer on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of passionate men, who imagine themselves entitled, by this distinction, to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces, and licentious reproaches.

Men of this kind are not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke; they have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not masters of their conduct or language, as acting without consciousness, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes: they are, therefore, pitied rather than censured, and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be satisfied

with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without shame and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exercising their patience and boasting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the origin of anger ; but pride, like every other passion, if it once break loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.

These sudden bursts of rage generally break out upon small occasions ; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged ; therefore, the first reflection upon his violence, must show him that he is mean enough to be driven from his post by every petty incident ; that he is the mere slave of casualty, and that his reason and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of these loud extravagancies, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always discover to himself. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, is sometimes in hope of gaining that attention by his clamours which he cannot otherwise obtain ; and is pleased with remembering, that at least he made himself heard, that he had the power to interrupt those whom he could not confute, and suspend the decision which he could not guide.

But it does not appear that a man can by uproar and tumult alter any one's opinion of his understanding, or gain influence, except over those whom fortune or nature has made his dependants. He may fright his children or harass his servants, but the rest of the world will look on and laugh ; and he will at length perceive, that he lives only to raise contempt and hatred, and that he has given up the felicity of being loved, without gaining the honor of being revered.

When a man has once suffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the most hateful and unhappy of beings. He can give no security to himself, that he shall not at the next interview alienate, by some sudden transport, his dearest friend ; or break out, upon some slight contradiction, into such terms of rudeness as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converses with him, lives with the suspicion and solicitude of a man who plays with a tame tiger, always under a necessity of watching the moment in which the capricious savage shall begin to growl.

It is related by Prior, of the Duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life ; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has any, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment ; in injury and reparation.

Nothing is more miserable or despicable than the old age of a passionate man ; his rage sinks by decay of

strength into habitual peevishness ; the world falls off from around him, and he is left to prey upon his own heart in solitude and contempt.

LESSON 17.

*Acknowledgment of Error, the Mark of a wise and generous Mind.*

Though the fallibility of man's reason, and the narrowness of his knowledge, are very liberally confessed, yet the conduct of those who so willingly admit the weakness of human nature seems to discover, that this acknowledgment is not altogether sincere ; and that, with whatever ease they give up the claim of their neighbours, they are desirous of being thought exempt from faults in their own conduct, and from errors in their opinions. The obstinate opposition which we may observe made to confutation however clear, to reproof however tender, is an undoubted argument, that some natural prerogative is thought to be invaded ; since it could not be considered as either shameful or wonderful to be mistaken, by those who thought themselves liable to be mistaken ; nor would they struggle with such earnestness against an attack, that deprived them of nothing to which they held themselves entitled.

I have heard of one, who, having advanced some erroneous doctrines in philosophy, refused to see the experiments by which they were confuted : and the observation of every day will give new proofs, with how much industry subterfuges and evasions are sought, to decline

the pressure of resistless arguments ; how often the state of the question is altered ; the antagonist is wilfully misrepresented ; and in how much perplexity the clearest positions are involved, by those whom they happen to oppose.

It is happy when this temper discovers itself only in little things, which may be right or wrong without any influence on the virtue or happiness of mankind. We may, with very little inquietude, see a man persist in a project which he has found to be impracticable, or live in an inconvenient house, because it was contrived by himself. These are indeed follies : but they are only follies, and, however wild or ridiculous, can very little affect others. But such pride, once indulged, too frequently operates upon more important objects, and inclines men to vindicate, not only their errors but their vices ; to persist in practices which their own hearts condemn, only lest they should seem to feel reproaches, or be made wiser by the advice of others. Let every man, whose vanity betrays him into this last degree of corruption, consider what he is going to commit, by forcing his understanding to patronise those appetites which it is his chief business to hinder and reform.

There is yet another danger in this practice ; men who cannot deceive others, are very often successful in deceiving themselves ; they weave their sophistry till their own reason is entangled, and repeat their positions till they are credited by themselves. By often contending, they grow sincere in the cause ; and by long wishing for demonstrative arguments, they at last bring themselves to fancy that

they have found them. They are then at the uttermost verge of wickedness, and may die without having that light rekindled in their minds, which their own pride and contumacy have extinguished.

The men who can be charged with fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or virtue, are generally most ready to allow them : for, not to dwell on things of solemn and awful consideration, the humility of confessors, the tears of saints, and the dying terrors of persons eminent for piety and innocence, it is well known that Cæsar wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars in Gaul ; and that Hippocrates, whose name is, perhaps, in rational estimation, greater than Cæsar's, warned posterity against a mistake into which he had fallen. "So much," says Celsus, "does the open and artless confession of an error become a man, conscious that he has enough remaining to support his character!"

As all error is meanness, it is incumbent on every man, who consults his own dignity, to retract it as soon as he discovers it, without fearing any censure so much as that of his own mind. As justice requires that all injuries should be repaired, it is the duty of him who has seduced others by bad practices, or false notions, to endeavour that such as have adopted his error should know his retraction, and that those who have learned vice by his example, should by his example be taught amendment.

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## CHAP. III.

## DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

## LESSON 1.

*Revolutions and Changes of the Earth.*

Motion and change seem absolutely necessary for the preservation of the corporeal world. In the whole universe, there is not the smallest particle in a constant and entire state of rest. Nothing is more easy than to be convinced of this, by attending to what passes on the globe we inhabit. The earth turns, every twenty-four hours, round its own axis ; and, by this motion, all the points of its surface (except the poles) change place with more or less rapidity. Under the line, where this motion is the swiftest, every thing moves more than two leagues in a minute, though it does not change its situation on the surface. But, besides this, the earth makes its annual revolution round the sun with so much velocity, that, according to the most moderate calculations, it goes 136 leagues in a minute, though its course is not perceptible. The motion of earthly bodies is more observable. Little rivulets unite and form greater. These in their turn, form torrents and rivers, which are afterwards lost in the sea. This is not all : plants and animals every where require water to nourish them. The water rises in vapours, which form into clouds ; and fall again in rain, snow, and fogs ; and whatever is not trans-

formed in its fall, goes again into the sea, where the flux and reflux, storms, torrents, &c. keep the water in a continual motion. Neither is there any repose in our atmosphere. Between the tropics an east wind continually blows ; and though, in other places, the motion is not always perceptible, yet the barometers and thermometers prove that the air is never perfectly still. Meteors also, of every sort, shew that nature is in constant action. The coat or surface of the earth is also subject to frequent revolutions. The hardest rocks split ; stones gradually wear and break, some lands fall in, others are overflowed ; certain grounds rise, and others are overturned by earthquakes ; little hills are washed away by waters, vallies are filled up, marshes grow dry, and are covered with trees ; the bottom of the sea becomes firm ground, &c. Light and darkness, cold and heat, drought and wet, succeed each other by turns. Lastly, the continual variations of heat occasion, every hour, changes which are often imperceptible. If we add to this the changes visible in animals, we may have some idea of the continual revolutions to which every thing here is subject. It is said, that man daily loses about two ounces and a half in perspiration. It is replaced by other particles ; so that, at the end of ten years, a man's body is entirely changed. All animals and plants feed, grow, propagate, die, and corrupt.

Thus, every thing on earth is in motion ; every thing grows and decays by turns. In a word, to be born, and to die, is what continually passes on the theatre of the world. But this does not happen accidentally, or with-

out order or design. Every thing acts according to certain laws, which tend to certain ends. Every thing combines, every thing concurs, in the most perfect manner, to the glory of the Creator. All contribute to, all end, in the happiness of the universe. These continual revolutions are useful warnings to us. They teach us that this world cannot be our place of destination. When we consider the continual vicissitudes which all here below must undergo, is it not the most affecting lesson for us on the vanity of all earthly things, on the uncertainty and shortness of life, on the necessity of a better state, an everlasting life in the world to come? Yes, every thing points out to us our destination, and declares we are but sojourners and travellers on the earth.

With what consolation my soul is penetrated when, in the midst of the revolutions of the world, I lift up my eyes towards Thee, O Lord! towards Thee, who art both immutable and eternal! Let the mountains be shaken, and fall down: let the sea be troubled, and the waves roar; let all that is earthly be destroyed, and return to dust; still Thou art, and ever must be, invariably the same.

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## LESSON 2.

### *The Grotto of Antiparos.*

Of all the subterraneous caverns now known, the Grotto of Antiparos, an inconsiderable island in the Archipelago, is the most remarkable, as well for its extent, as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This cele-

rated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an Italian traveller, in the seventeenth century.

"Having been informed," says he, "by the natives of Paros, that in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to be seen at the mouth of a cavern, the French consul and myself resolved to pay it a visit.

"After we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a horrible cavern, that by its gloom struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprise, however, we entered boldly: and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at, as a giant, was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure which their fears had transformed into a monster.

"Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still further into this subterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves: the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some white, some green, and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who, hitherto, in solitude, had in her

playful moments dressed the scene as if for her own amusement.

"We had yet seen but a few of the wonders of the place, and were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half illuminated recess, there appeared an opening about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which, rumbling along the sides of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water.

"In order, however, to be more certain, we sent in a Levantine mariner, who, on the promise of a good reward, ventured, with a flambeau in his hand, into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, bearing in his hand some beautiful pieces of white spar: which art could neither equal nor imitate.

"Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in with him about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending by a steep and dangerous way. Finding, however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheatre, if I may so call it, still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, torch, and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, one by one, ventured into the same opening: and descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the ca-

vern. Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering or more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet hard as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed of spars, and the whole presented the idea of a superb theatre illuminated by an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble, and in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curious productions of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre, rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that in some measure resembled an altar, from which, taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this rite.

"Below even this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured with my former mariner, and descended about fifty paces by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being composed of soft clay, yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to the depth of six feet. In this, however, as above, numbers of the most

beautiful crystals were formed ; one of which, particularly, resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth, but so obliterated by time, that we could not read it distinctly. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had come hither ; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think fit to inform us." This account of so beautiful and striking a scene, may serve to give us some idea of the subterraneous wonders of nature.



### LESSON 3.

#### *Excursion to the Top of Mount Snowdon.*

We set off, about eleven at night, for the foot of Snowdon, and travelled eight miles through a fine mountainous country by moonlight. Before one, we arrived at a little hut, where the guide lives, and after having him called up, and loaded with a basket of bread and milk, and a tin box for specimens, we began our march at a quarter past one. The clouds were gathering over the mountains, and threatening us with either darkness or rain. We, however, escaped both, and were only amused with every variety they could give the landscape, by hiding or half obscuring the moon, and by blotting out now one mountain, and then another, from our view ; till about two o'clock, when the dawn began to appear, they covered the moon, and we saw her no more. We proceeded by a very easy ascent over boggy ground till half past two, when, coming suddenly to the top

of the first range of hills, and meeting with a violent wind which blew from the quarter where the sun was to rise, (for we ascended the mountain on the south-west,) Mrs. G. S. was frightened, and seeing a very steep ascent before her, said she would sit down and wait our return. My mother, said she, would stay with her, and I proposed our all going back together ; but my mother very kindly insisted on my proceeding. We, therefore, divided provision ; the ladies returned to the hut from which they had set out, and I went on with the guide, who could not speak a word of English. We steered our course more towards the south, and toiled up several mountains, in some parts covered with loose stones, which had fallen from their broken summits, but in general overgrown with different sorts of moss, and a kind of short grass. I went on as fast as I could, without stopping, except now and then for a moment to look down on the mountains under my feet, as clouds passed over them, thinking each summit I saw before me was the last, and unable to gain any information from my guide to satisfy my impatience ; for I wished to be at the top before sunrise, and pink clouds began to appear over the steep I was climbing. I also knew that the ladies would be very impatient for my return, nor was I without anxiety on their account, as I was not sure they would find their way back to the hut. These ideas occupied my mind all the way up, and if that deceitful, but comforting lady—Hope, had not continually presented to me the range of hills I was ascending as the last step in ambition's ladder, I am not sure, that, with all my eagerness to get to the top, I should



not have returned back. I was debating this point very earnestly with myself, in ascending an almost perpendicular green slope, when, on a sudden, I saw at my feet an immense chasm, all in darkness, and of a depth I cannot guess, certainly not less than a hundred feet; I should suppose much more. It answers, in some respects, to the idea I have formed of the crater of a volcano; but evidently is not that, as there is no mark of fire, the rock being composed, as it is in general throughout this country, of a sort of slate. Nor does the mountain appear to have been thrown down, but the pit to have sunk in; which most probably has been occasioned by subterranean waters, as there is water at the bottom of the pit, and the mountain is full of springs. You think you are now at the top, but you are mistaken. I am standing indeed at the top of the abyss, but with a high rocky peak on each side of me, and descending very nearly perpendicular into the lake at the bottom. I have been taking a rough sketch of one of these peaks, with the lake in the deepest shadow; I am turning over my paper, which the wind renders very difficult, in order to draw another; I look up, and see the upper part illuminated by a beautiful rose-coloured light; while the opposite part still casts a dark shade over its base, and conceals the sun from my view. If I were ready to jump into the pit with delight, at first seeing it, my ecstasy now was still greater. The guide seemed quite delighted to see me so much pleased, and took care, in descending, to lead me to the edge of every precipice, which he had not done in going up. I, however, presently recollected, that I was in a great

hurry to get back, and set off along the brink of the cavity for the highest peak, where I arrived at a quarter past four, and saw a view, of which it is impossible to form an idea from description. For many miles around, it was composed of tops of high mountains, of all the various forms that can be imagined; some appeared swimming in an ocean of vapour; on others, the clouds lay like a cap of snow, appearing as soft as down. They were all far below Snowdon, and I was enjoying the finest blue sky, and the purest air I ever breathed. The whole prospect was bounded by the sea, except to the east and south-east, and the greatest part of the lands in those points was blotted out by clouds. The sun, however, rose so far towards the north-east, as to be still hanging over the sea. I took a sketch of a small part of the mountains, with some of the little lakes which appear at their feet; sat down, for the first time, on a circle of stones which is built on the top of the hill; and made great havock in the bread and milk, in which accomplishment the guide equalled, if not surpassed me; and at half past four, almost frozen, I began to descend. My anxiety about my friends increased, as I came near the spot where I had left them: I made all possible haste, and found them safe in the hut, at ten minutes past six. It certainly would have been pleasant-er to have had more time, and some one to enjoy the expedition with me; but I am delighted that I have been, and would not for any thing give up the recollection of the sublime scene.

## LESSON 4.

*Earthquake at Calabria, in the year 1638.*

An account of this dreadful earthquake, is given by the celebrated father Kircher. It happened whilst he was on his journey to visit Mount *Ætna*, and the rest of the wonders that lie towards the south of Italy.

“Having hired a boat, in company with four more, (two friars of the order of St. Francis, and two seculars,) we launched from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily; and arrived, the same day, at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphæmia, in Calabria, where we had some business to transact, and where we designed to tarry for some time. However, Providence seemed willing to cross our design; for we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus, on account of the weather; and though we often put out to sea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, wearied with the delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and, although the sea appeared to be uncommonly agitated, we ventured forward. The gulf of Charybdis, which we approached, seemed whirled round in such a manner, as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to *Ætna*, I saw it cast forth large volumes of smoke, of mountainous sizes, which entirely covered the island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise, and the sulphurous stench which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some more dreadful

calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance : they who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain, covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of its agitations. My surprise was still increased, by the calmness and serenity of the weather ; not a breeze, not a cloud, which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion. I therefore, warned my companions that an earthquake was approaching ; and, after some time, making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at Tropæ, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea.

“But our triumphs at land were of short duration ; for we had scarcely arrived at the Jesuits’ College in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward ; the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this, a most dreadful earthquake ensued, so that the whole tract upon which we stood, seemed to vibrate, as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued wavering. This motion, however, soon grew more violent ; and being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate upon the ground. In the meantime, the universal ruin round me, redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to increase my terror and despair. On every side of me, I saw nothing but a scene of ruin ; and danger threatening wherever I should fly. I recommended myself to God, as my last great refuge. At that hour, O how vain was every

sublunary happiness ! Wealth, honor, empire, wisdom, all mere useless sounds, and as empty as the bubbles of the deep ! Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure ; and the nearer I approached, I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt amidst the general concussion, I resolved to venture for safety ; and running as fast as I could, I reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here till I found the boat in which I had landed ; and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than mine. Our meeting was not of that kind, where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape ; it was all silence, and a gloomy dread of impending terrors.

“ Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast ; and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued in violent agitation. But we had scarcely arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat ; and, in about half an hour, we saw the greater part of the town, and the inn, at which we had set up, dashed to the ground, and burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins.

“ In this manner, proceeding onward in our little vessel, finding no safety at land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but a very dangerous continuance at sea, we at length landed at Lopizium, a castle, midway between Tropæa and Euphæmia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned

my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles levelled to the ground; Strombolo, though at sixty miles distance, belching forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise which I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we by this time were grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences: it every moment seemed to grow louder, and to approach nearer. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully; so that being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next to us, and supported ourselves in that manner.

“After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphæmia, which lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frightful dark cloud, that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud had passed away; then turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk. Wonderful to tell! nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was seen where it stood. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see no person. All was become a melancholy solitude; a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along, in quest of some human being that could give us a little information, we at length saw a boy

sitting by the shore, and appearing stupified with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city ; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him, with every expression of tenderness and pity, to tell us ; but his senses were quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals, but he seemed to loath the sight. We still persisted in our offices of kindness ; but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his senses ; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia. As we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities ; and men scattered, without a habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage, by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers both at sea and land."

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LESSON 5.

*Earthquake at Caraccas.*

It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to presage the calamities of the day. At seven minutes after four in the afternoon, the first shock was felt ; it was sufficiently powerful to make the bells of the churches toll ; it lasted five or six seconds, during which time the ground was in a continual undulating movement, and seemed to heave up like a boiling liquid. The danger

was thought to be past, when a tremendous subterraneous noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder, and of longer continuance than that heard within the tropics in time of storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist the movement from beneath upward, and the undulations crossing each other. The town of Caraccas was entirely overthrown. Thousands of the inhabitants (between 9 and 10,000) were buried under the ruins of the houses and churches. The procession had not yet set out, but the crowd was so great in the churches, that nearly 3 or 4,000 persons were crushed by the fall of their vaulted roofs. The explosion was stronger toward the north, in that part of the town situate nearest the mountain of Avila and the Silla. The churches of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia, which were more than 150 feet high, and the naves of which were supported by pillars of twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, left a mass of ruins, scarcely exceeding five or six feet in elevation. The sinking of the ruins has been so considerable, that there now scarcely remain any vestiges of pillars or columns. The barracks, situate further north of the church of the Trinity, on the road from the custom-house de la Pastora, almost entirely disappeared. A regiment of troops of the line, that was assembled under arms, ready to join the procession, was, with the exception of a few men, buried under the ruins of this great edifice. Nine-tenths of the fine town of



Caraccas were entirely destroyed. The walls of the houses that were not thrown down, as those of the street San Juan, near the Capuchin Hospital, were cracked in such a manner, that it was impossible to run the risk of inhabiting them. The effects of the earthquake were somewhat less violent in the western and southern parts of the city, between the principal square and the ravine of Caraguata. There, the cathedral, supported by enormous buttresses, remains standing. Estimating at 9 or 10,000 the number of the dead in the city of Caraccas, we do not include those unhappy persons who, dangerously wounded, perished several months after for want of food and proper care. The night of Holy Thursday presented the most distressing scene of desolation and sorrow. A thick cloud of dust, which, rising above the ruins, darkened the sky like a fog, had settled on the ground. No shock was felt, and never was a night more calm or more serene. The moon, nearly full, illuminated the rounded domes of the Silla, and the aspect of the sky formed a perfect contrast to that of the earth, covered with the dead, and heaped with ruins. Mothers were seen bearing in their arms their children, whom they hoped to recall to life. Desolate families wandered through the city, seeking a brother, a husband, a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they believed to be lost in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which could no more be recognised but by long lines of ruins. All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophe of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba, were renewed on the fatal day of the 26th of March,

1812. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored, by their cries, the help of the passers by, and nearly two thousand were dug out. Never was pity displayed in a more affecting manner ; never had it been seen more ingeniously active, than in the efforts employed to save the miserable victims whose groans reached the ear. Implements for digging and clearing away the ruins were entirely wanting ; and the people were obliged to use their bare hands to disinter the living.

The wounded, as well as the sick who had escaped from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra. They found no shelter but the foliage of trees. Beds, linen to dress the wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Every thing, even food, was wanting during the first days. Water became alike scarce in the interior of the city. The commotion had rent the pipes of the fountains ; the falling in of the earth had choked up the springs that supplied them ; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the River Guayra, which was considerably swelled ; and then vessels to convey the water were wanting. There remained a duty to be fulfilled toward the dead, enjoined at once by piety and the dread of infection. It being impossible to inter so many thousand corpses, half-buried under the ruins, commissaries were appointed to burn the bodies ; and, for this purpose, funeral piles were erected between the heaps of ruins. This ceremony lasted several days. Amid so many public calamities, the people devoted themselves to those religious duties

which they thought were the most fitted to appease the wrath of Heaven. Some assembling in processions, sung funeral hymns; others, in a state of distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets. In this town was now repeated what had been remarked in the province of Quito, after the tremendous earthquake of 1797; a number of marriages were contracted between persons who had neglected, for many years, to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction. Children found parents by whom they had never till then been acknowledged; restitutions were promised by persons who had never been accused of fraud; and families who had long been enemies, were drawn together by the tie of common calamity. If this feeling seemed to calm the passions of some, and open the heart to pity, it had a contrary effect on others, rendering them more rigid and inhuman. In great calamities, vulgar minds preserve still less goodness than strength. Misfortune acts in the same manner as the pursuits of literature and the study of nature; their happy influence is felt only by a few, giving more ardour to sentiment, more elevation to the thoughts, and more benevolence to the disposition.

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LESSON 6.

*Earthquake at Caraccas, (concluded.)*

“Fifteen or eighteen hours after the great catastrophe, the ground remained tranquil. The night, as we have already observed, was fine and calm; and the commotions did not recommence till after the 27th. They were then attended with a very loud and long-continued subterra-

nean noise. The inhabitants of Caraccas wandered into the country ; but the villages and farms having suffered as much as the town, they could find no shelter till they were beyond the mountains of Los Teques, in the valleys of Aragua, and in the Savannas. No less than fifteen oscillations were often felt in one day. On the 5th of April, there was almost as violent an earthquake as that which overthrew the capital. During several hours, the ground was in a state of perpetual undulation. Large masses of earth fell in the mountains ; and enormous rocks were detached from the Silla of Caraccas. It was even asserted, and this opinion prevails still in the country, that the two domes of the Silla sunk fifty or sixty toises ; but this assertion is founded on no measurement whatever. I am informed, that in the province of Quito, also, the people, at every period of great commotion, imagine that the volcano of Tunguragua is diminished in height.

“ While violent commotions were felt at the same time in the valley of the Mississippi, in the island of St. Vincent, and in the province of Venezuela, the inhabitants of Caraccas, and Calabozo, situate in the midst of the Steppes, and on the borders of the Rio Apura, in a space of 4,000 square leagues, were terrified, on the 30th of April, 1812, by a subterraneous noise, which resembled frequent discharges of the largest cannon. This noise began at two in the morning. It was accompanied by no shock, and, which is very remarkable, it was as loud on the coast as at eighty leagues distance inland. It was every where believed to be transmitted through the air ; and was so far from being thought a subterra-

neous noise, that at Caraccas, as well as Calabozo, preparations were made to put the place into a state of defence against an enemy, who seemed to be advancing with heavy artillery. Mr. Palacio, crossing the Rio Apura below the Orivante, near the junction of the Rio Nula, was told by the inhabitants, that the firing of cannon had been heard as distinctly at the western extremity of the province of Varinas, as at the port of La Guayra to the north of the chain of the coast.

“The day on which the inhabitants of Terra Firma were alarmed by this subterraneous noise, was that on which happened the great eruption of the volcano in the island of St. Vincent. This mountain, near 500 toises high, had not thrown out any lava since the year 1718. Scarcely was any smoke perceived to issue from its top, when, in the month of May, 1811, frequent shocks announced that the volcanic fire was either rekindled, or directed anew toward that part of the West Indies. The first eruption did not take place till the 27th of April, 1812, at noon. It was only an ejection of ashes, but attended with a tremendous noise. On the 30th, the lava passed the brink of the crater, and, after a course of four hours, reached the sea. The noise of the explosion, ‘resembled that of alternate discharges of very large cannon and of musketry; and, which is well worthy of remark, it seemed much louder at sea, at a great distance from the island, than in sight of land, and near the burning volcano.’

“The distance, in a straight line, from the volcano of St. Vincent to the Rio Apura, near the mouth of the Nula,

is 210 leagues. The explosions were consequently heard at a distance equal to that between Vesuvius and Paris. This phenomenon, connected with a great number of facts observed in the Cordilleras of the Andes, shews how much more extensive the subterranean sphere of activity of a volcano is, than we are disposed to admit, from the small changes effected at the surface of the globe. The detonations heard during a whole day together, in the New World, 80, 100, or even 200 leagues distant from a crater, do not reach us by the propagation of the sound through the air; they are transmitted to us by the ground.

The moral, or rather political effects of the earthquake of 1812, were scarcely less disastrous than the actual destruction of life which it occasioned. The provinces of Venezuela had, on the 11th of July, 1811, by a public declaration of independence, thrown off the yoke of Spain. On the 23d of December, the new constitution had been agreed to by the congress, and its first session was to have been held at Valencia in March 1812. The cause wore, at this period, every appearance of prosperity. At the very moment of the earthquake, a battalion of troops, under Colonel Xalon, stationed at Barquesimeto, were preparing to march, in order to attack the royalists of Coro, when the barracks were thrown down, and a great part of the soldiers were buried under the ruins, their commander being severely wounded. The clergy of Caraccas, who had been shorn of some of their privileges by the new constitution, immediately proclaimed that the earthquake was an evidence of the

wrath of the Almighty. A universal panic seized the minds of the people, and, unable to withstand the tide of public opinion, which now set in against them, the congress adjourned their sessions. Miranda, on whom the supreme command of the army had devolved, found himself obliged to capitulate,—on honourable terms, indeed, but which were most atrociously violated by the royalists. Cumana and Barcelona submitted in consequence to the authority of the infamous Monteverde, and the old government was without difficulty completely re-established throughout Venezuela. Every gaol was filled with the patriots, and the horrible atrocities acted in Caraccas, with the avowed object of intimidating the insurgents throughout the Spanish colonies, led to that reaction which has happily succeeded in the establishment of the national independence. After the recital of so many calamities, it is soothing to repose the imagination on consolatory remembrances. When the great catastrophe of Caraccas was known in the United States, the congress, assembled at Washington, unanimously agreed that five ships laden with flour should be sent to the coast of Venezuela, to be distributed among the poorest inhabitants. So generous a supply was received with the warmest gratitude, and this solemn act of a free people, this mark of a national interest, of which the increasing civilization of our old Europe displays but few recent examples, seemed to be a valuable pledge of the mutual benevolence that ought for ever to unite the nations of both Americas.

## LESSON 7.

*The Mechanical Wonders of a Feather.*

The commendation, which the general aspect of the feathered world seldom fails of exciting, will be increased by farther examination. It is one of those cases in which the philosopher has more to admire, than the common observer. Every *feather* is a mechanical wonder. If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together,—strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am writing. If we cast our eye to the upper part of the stem, we see a material made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic. The pith, also, which feeds the feathers, is neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon.

But the artificial part of a feather is the beard, or, as it is sometimes, I believe, called, the vane. By the beards are meant, what are fastened on each side of the stem, and what constitute the breadth of the feather; what we usually strip off from one side or both, when we make a pen. The separate pieces or laminæ, of which the beard is composed, are called threads, sometimes filaments, or rays. Now the first thing which an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be, when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed either up or down, in the line of the stem; and he will soon discover the structure which occasions this differ-



ence, viz. that the laminæ whereof these beards are composed, are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other ; by which means, whilst they easily bend for the approaching of each other, as any one may perceive, by drawing his finger ever so lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their plane, which is the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted and put to the trial.

This is one particularity in the structure of a feather : a second is still more extraordinary. Whoever examines a feather, cannot help taking notice, that the threads or laminæ of which we have been speaking, in their natural state unite ; that their union is something more than the mere apposition of loose surfaces ; that they are not parted asunder without some degree of force ; that, nevertheless, there is no glutinous cohesion between them ; that, therefore, by some mechanical means or other, they catch or clasp among themselves, thereby giving to the beard or vane its closeness and compactness of texture.

Nor is this all : when two laminæ, which have been separated by accident or force, are brought together again, they immediately reclusp : the connection, whatever it was, is perfectly recovered, and the beard of the feather becomes as smooth and firm as if nothing had happened to it. Draw your finger down the feather, which is against the grain, and you break, probably, the junction of some of the contiguous threads : draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to

their former state. This is no common contrivance ; and now for the mechanism by which it is effected. The threads or laminæ above mentioned are interlaced with one another ; and the interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres, or teeth, which the laminæ shoot forth on each side, and which hook and grapple together. A friend of mine counted fifty of these fibres in one twentieth of an inch. These fibres are crooked ; but curved after a different manner ; for those which proceed from the thread on the side towards the extremity of the feather, are longer, more flexible, and bent downward ; whereas those which proceed from the side towards the beginning, or quill-end of the feather, are shorter, firmer, and turn upwards. The process then which takes place is as follows : when two laminæ are pressed together, so that these long fibres are forced far enough over the short ones, their crooked parts fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others ; just as the latch that is fastened to a door, enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door post, and there hooking itself, fastens the door ; for it is properly in this manner, that one thread of a feather is fastened to the other.

This admirable structure of the feather, which it is easy to see with the microscope, succeeds perfectly for the use to which nature has designed it ; which use was, not only that the laminæ might be united, but that when one thread or lamina has been separated from another by some external violence, it might be reclasped with sufficient facility and expedition.

In the ostrich, this apparatus of crotchets and fibres, of hook and teeth, is wanting; and we see the consequence of the want. The filaments hang loose and separate from one another, forming only a kind of down; which constitution of the feathers, however it may fit them for the flowing honors of a lady's head-dress, may be reckoned an imperfection in the bird, inasmuch as wings, composed of these feathers, although they may greatly assist it in running, do not serve for flight.



#### LESSON 8.

##### *Animal and Vegetable Nature compared.*

Linnæus characterizes and divides the three kingdoms of nature, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral, in the following manner: "Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel."

These distinguishing properties are, indeed, well adapted to exhibit the intended idea in a popular way; but it may be questioned whether they be philosophically just. To grow, live, and feel, are only the passive properties of animals; they possess, in general, active powers of motion, instinct, and a kind of intellectual energy, which exalts them many degrees above vegetables, and infinitely above minerals; while the different proportions of docility or sagacity, with which they are endowed, eminently distinguish the different tribes of animated nature from each other, as well as from inanimate matter.

Every animal, from the highest to the lowest rank, is enabled, by some natural means, to escape or repel danger, to find security, and to investigate its proper food: but vegetables are totally unfurnished with all active means of defence, and must passively submit to every attack and every accident.

Yet notwithstanding these distinctive characters, which may be sufficient to discriminate the boundaries between an animal and a plant, they both possess so many corresponding qualities, that it appears difficult in some cases to pronounce where animal life commences, and vegetable life terminates. The sensitive plant, which shrinks from the slightest touch, seems to have as much of perception and locomotive faculty as the polypus. The moving plant furnishes a still more extraordinary example of vegetable motion.

Animals and vegetables, likewise, have both their periods of beginning and maturity, of improvement and decay. They reproduce their kind, and have their respective antipathies and propensities. The ferocious animals create a desert around them; and some noxious plants resemble them in this. The strong prey on the weak in both kingdoms of nature; the lion and the machineel tree cannot endure a near approach; the serpent and the poisonous weed occupy a larger space than the harmless useful animal and the salutary plant. The vegetables produced in a dry and sunny soil are strong and vigorous, though not prolific and luxuriant; so also are the animals which range in a congenial climate. Warmth and moisture, on the contrary, render vegetables

luxuriant and tender and ; the animals, assimilating to the nature of such food, are more bulky and flaccid.

Thus, we find in the warm regions of America and Africa, where the sun commonly scorches all the upper grounds, and inundations cover all the lower, that even the insect and reptile tribes acquire an extraordinary size. The earth-worm of the tropical climates in America is often a yard long, and as thick as a walking-stick ; the boiguacu, or ox serpent, reaches to the length of forty feet ; the bats are larger than our domestic fowls ; and the spiders may vie in size with the frogs and toads of temperate regions. On the contrary, within the arctic circle, where vegetation is impeded by the rigour of the climate, animal life, through all its various classes, sensibly partakes in the diminution.

Again, if we contemplate the animals and vegetables peculiar to the watery world, we shall not fail to find new correspondences, and to recognise how well the nature of the one is adapted to the necessities of the other.

Thus it is evident, that animal and vegetable nature have a tendency to approximate towards each other. It may be observed, however, that the more perfect races recede the furthest from vegetable nature ; and that in proportion to the inferiority of the animal, the affinity of the two classes is perceptibly nearer. Man, the noblest and most perfect of animals, appears to be least affected by the diversity of climate, or influenced by the aliments on which he subsists. From the polar regions to the burning sands of the equator, he procures, with more or less ease, the means of subsistence ; he is neither cir-

cumscribed by zones, nor confined to territories, but exists in every clime with little alteration in his nature or his form.

LESSON 8.

*On Demosthenes.*

I shall not spend any time upon the circumstances of the life of Demosthenes; they are well known. The strong ambition which he discovered to excel in the art of speaking; the unsuccessfulness of his first attempts; his unwearied perseverance in surmounting all the disadvantages that arose from his person and address; his shutting himself up in a cave, that he might study with less distraction: his declaiming by the sea-shore, that he might accustom himself to the noise of a tumultuous assembly; and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his speech; his practising at home with a naked sword hanging over his shoulder, that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was subject; all those circumstances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to such as study eloquence, as they shew how far art and application may avail for acquiring an excellence which Nature seems unwilling to grant us.

Despising the affected and florid manner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demosthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and strength and vehemence form the principal characteristics of his style. Never had orator a finer field than De-

mosthenes in his Olynthiacs and Philippics, which are his capital orations; and, no doubt, to the nobleness of the subject, and to that integrity and public spirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The subject is, to rouse the indignation of his countrymen against Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them against the insidious measures, by which that crafty prince endeavoured to lay them asleep to danger. In the prosecution of this end, we see him taking every proper method to animate a people, renowned for justice, humanity, and valour; but in many instances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indolence, and indifference to the public cause; while, at the same time, with all the art of an orator, he recalls the glory of their ancestors to their thoughts, shews them that they are still a flourishing and a powerful people; the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themselves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his cotemporary orators, who were in Philip's interest, and who persuaded the people to peace, he keeps no measures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct; he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactness, the measures of execution. This is the strain of these orations. They are strongly animated; and full of the impetuosity and fire of public spirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, conse-

quences, and demonstrations, founded on sound reason. The figures which he uses are never sought after; but always rise from the subject. He employs them sparingly, indeed: for, splendour and ornament are not the distinction of this orator's composition. It is an energy of thought peculiar to himself, which forms his character, and sets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to words. We forget the orator, and think of the business. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and ostentation; no methods of insinuation; no laboured introductions; but is like a man full of his subject, who, after preparing his audience by a sentence or two, for hearing plain truths, enters directly on business.

The style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissembled, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and, though far from being unmusical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that studied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of those lesser graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment. His actions and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement, and ardent; which, from the manners of his composition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of it, from reading his works, is of the austere, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occasion, grave, serious, passionate; takes every thing on a high tone; never



lets himself down, nor attempts any thing like pleasantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he sometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want smoothness and grace: which Dionysius of Halicarnassus attributes to his imitating, too closely, the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for style, and whose history he is said to have written eight times over with his own hand. But these defects are far more than compensated, by that admirable and masterly force of masculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

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### LESSON 9.

#### *On the Morning.*

It was early in a summer morning, when the air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay, that I lately walked in a beautiful flower-garden, and at once regaled the sense and indulged the fancy. The noisy world was scarce awake: business had not quite shaken off his sound sleep, and riot had but just reclined his giddy head. All was serene, all was still. Every thing tended to inspire tranquillity of mind, and invite to serious thought; only the watchful lark had left her nest, and was mounting on high to salute the opening day. Elevated in the air, she seemed to call the laborious husbandman to his toil, and all her fellow-songsters to their notes. Earliest of birds, (said I,) companion of the dawn, may I always rise at thy voice!

rise to offer the matin song, and adore that beneficent Being, who maketh the outgoing of the morning and evening to rejoice. How charming is it to rove abroad at this sweet hour of prime ! to enjoy the calm of nature, to tread the dewy lawns, and taste the unruffled freshness of the air !

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest bird !

What a pleasure do the sons of sloth lose ! Little is the sluggard sensible how delicious an entertainment he foregoes for the poorest of all animal gratifications. Shall man be lost in luxurious ease ? Shall man waste those precious hours in idle slumbers, while the vigorous sun is up, and going on his Maker's errand ; and all the feathered choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their homage in harmony. No : let him heighten the melody of the tuneful tribes by adding the rational strains of devotion. Let him improve the fragrant oblations of nature, by mingling with the rising odours the refined breath of praise. It is natural for man to look upward, to throw his first glance upon the objects that are above him.

Straight tow'rd's heav'n my wandering eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky.

Prodigious theatre ! where lightnings dart their fire, and thunders utter their voice ; where tempests spend their rage, and worlds unnumbered roll at large.—Behold the king of day coming forth from the chambers of the East. See the clouds, like floating curtains, thrown back at his approach. With what resurgent

majesty does he walk abroad ! How transcendently bright is his countenance, shedding day and inexhaustible light through the universe.

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LESSON 10.

*On the Night.*

Every object, a little while ago, glared with light ; and now darkness comes on apace. In the meadows, all was jocund and sportive ; and now the gamesome lambs are grown weary of their frolics, and the tired shepherd has imposed silence on his pipe. In the branches, all was sprightliness and song ; and now the lively green is wrapt in descending glooms, and no tuneful airs are heard ; but only the plaintive stock-dove cooing mournfully through the grove. Should I now be vain and trifling, the heavens and earth would rebuke my unseasonable levity. Therefore, be these moments devoted to thoughts sedate as the closing day, solemn as the face of things. And indeed, however my social hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantries, let the evening, in her sable habit, call to serious consideration. Nothing can be more proper for a creature that borders upon eternity, than daily to slip away from the circle of amusements, and adjust the things that belong to his eternal peace.

The darkness is now at its height ; and I cannot but admire the obliging manner of its taking place. It comes not with a blunt and abrupt incivility, but makes gentle and respectful advances. A sudden transition

from the splendors of day to all the horrors of midnight, would be both inconvenient and frightful. It would bewilder the traveller in his journey ; it would strike the creation with amazement ; and perhaps be pernicious to the organs of sight. But twilight, being sent before as its harbinger, advertises us of its approach, and enables us to take suitable and timely measures for its reception. Now the fierce inhabitants of the forests forsake their dens. Now the prowling wolf, like a murderous ruffian, besets the innocent sheep. The fox, like a crafty felon, steals to the thatched cottage, and carries off the feathered booty. Happy for the world were these the only destroyers that walk in darkness ! But, alas ! there are savages in human shape. The sons of violence make choice of this season to perpetrate the most outrageous acts of wrong and robbery. Now crimes, that hide their odious heads in day, haunt the seats of society, and stalk through the gloom with audacious front. And are they then concealed ? No truly. An eye, keener than the lightning's flash, and brighter than ten thousand suns, beholds their conduct. Their thickest shades are beaming day to the jealous Inspector and supreme Judge of human actions.

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#### LESSON 11.

##### *Striking Account of the Boa Constrictor.*

The Cæsar sailed from the continent of India in 1817. Notwithstanding the crowded state of the ship, two passengers, of rather a singular nature, were put on board

at Batavia, for a passage to Britain; the one, a snake of that species called Boa Constrictor; the other, an Ourang Outang. The former was somewhat small of his kind, being only about 15 feet long, and about 18 inches in circumference; but his stomach was rather disproportionate to his size, as will presently appear. He was a native of Borneo, and was the property of a gentleman residing in Britain, who had two of the same sort; but, in their passage up to Batavia, one of them broke loose from his confinement, and very soon cleared the decks, as every body very civilly made way for him. Not being used to a ship, however, or taking, perhaps, the sea for a green field, he sprawled overboard and was drowned. His companion, lately our shipmate, was brought safely on shore, and lodged in the court-yard of Mr. Davidson's house at Ryswick, where he remained for some months. At an early period of the voyage we had an exhibition of his talents in the way of eating, which was publicly performed on the quarter-deck, upon which he was brought. The sliding door of his cage being opened, one of the ship's goats was thrust in, and the door immediately shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively, at the same time, with its head towards the serpent, in self-defence.

The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and, turning his head in the direction of the goat, he at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim,

whose agony and terror seemed to increase ; for, previous to the snake seizing its prey, it shook in every limb, but still continued its unavailing show of attack, by butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and at the same time rearing a little his head ; then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore-leg with his mouth, and throwing him down, he was encircled in an instant in his horrid folds ! So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolution of his elongated body.—It was not a regular-screw-like turn that was formed, but resembling a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush its object. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth, though it appeared to be an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal which he had first seized. The poor goat, in the meantime, continued its feeble and half-stifled cries for some minutes ; but they soon became more and more faint, and at last expired. The snake, however, retained it for a considerable time in his grasp, after it was apparently motionless. He then began, slowly and cautiously, to unfold himself, till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth on the front of the head of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat ; and then taking its muzzle into his mouth, which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a new-

ly lacerated wound, he sucked it in as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty, not so much from their extent as from their points; however, they also in a very short time disappeared; that is to say, externally; for their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to see the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent;—an extent which must have utterly destroyed all muscular power in any animal that was not, like itself, endowed with very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin, stuffed almost to bursting, still the workings of the muscles were evident, and his power of suction, as it is erroneously called, unabated; it was, in fact, the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to be able to suspend, for a time, his respiration; for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could have been carried on, when the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves (admitting the trachea to be ever so hard) compressed, as they must have been, by its passage downwards.

The whole operation of completely gorging the goat, occupied about two hours and twenty minutes, at the end of which time the tumefaction was confined to the

middle part of the body or stomach, the superior parts, which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again, and lay quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when, his last meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat, which he devoured with equal facility.

Few of those who had witnessed his first exhibition were desirous of being present at the second. A man may be impelled by curiosity and a wish to ascertain the truth of a fact frequently stated, but which seems almost incredible, to satisfy his mind by ocular proof; but he will leave the scene with those feelings of horror and disgust which such a sight is well calculated to create. It is difficult to behold, without the most painful sensation, the anxiety and trepidation of the harmless victim, or to observe the hideous writhing of the serpent around his prey, and not to imagine what our own case would be in the same helpless and dreadful situation.

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## LESSON 12.

### *Egyptian Mummies, and the People of Gournou.*

Gournou is a tract of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Lybian mountains, on the west of Thebes, and was the burial-place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the form of large and small chambers, each of which has its separate entrance; and, though they are very close to each other, it is seldom that there is any



interior communication from one to another. I can truly say, it is impossible to give any description sufficient to convey the smallest idea of those subterranean abodes and their inhabitants. There are no sepulchres in any part of the world like them ; there are no excavations or mines, that can be compared to these truly astonishing places ; and no exact description can be given of their interior, owing to the difficulty of visiting these recesses. The inconveniency of entering into them is such, that it is not every one who can support the exertion.

A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go ; besides, he is taken up with the strange works he observes cut in various places, and painted on each side of the walls ; so that when he comes to a narrow and difficult passage, or to have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses any thing so magnificent as what he sees above, and consequently deeming it useless to proceed any farther. Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters into the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all ; the entry or passage where the bodies are, is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the

passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than a vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest ! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions : which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs, with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose ; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty,—a hundred,—three hundred,—or, perhaps, six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit ; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support ;

so that I sank altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once, I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than what a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on; however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri; of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelope the mummy. The people of Gournou, who make a trade of antiquities of this sort, are very jealous of strangers, and keep them as secret as possible, deceiving travellers, by pretending that they have arrived at the end of the pits, when they are scarcely at the entrance.

The people of Gournou live in the entrance of such caves as have already been opened, and by making partitions with earthen walls, they form habitations for

themselves, as well as for their cows, camels, buffaloes, sheep, goats, dogs, &c. I do not know whether it is because they are so few in number, that the government takes so little notice of what they do; but it is certain, that they are the most unruly people in Egypt. At various times many of them have been destroyed, so that they are reduced from three thousand, the number they formerly reckoned, to three hundred, which form the population of the present day.

The dwelling place of the natives is generally in the passages between the first and second entrance into a tomb. The walls and the roof are as black as any chimney. The inner door is closed up with mud, except a small aperture sufficient for a man to crawl through. Within this place the sheep are kept at night, and occasionally accompany their masters in their vocal concert. Over the door-way there are always some half broken Egyptian figures, and the two foxes, the usual guardians of burial-places. A small lamp, kept alive by fat from the sheep, or rancid oil, is placed in a niche in the wall, and a mat is spread on the ground; and this formed the grand divan wherever I was. There, the people assembled around me, their conversation turning wholly on antiquities. Such a one had found such a thing, and another had discovered a tomb. Various articles were brought to sell to me, and sometimes I had reason to rejoice at having stayed there. I was sure of a supper of milk and bread served in a wooden bowl; but whenever they supposed I should stay all night, they always killed a couple of fowls for me, which were baked

in a small oven heated with pieces of mummy-cases, and sometimes with the bones and rags of the mummies themselves. It is no uncommon thing to sit down near fragments of bones ; hands, feet, or skulls, are often in the way ; for these people are so accustomed to be among the mummies, that they think no more of sitting on them than on the skins of their dead calves. I also became indifferent about them at last, and would have slept in a mummy-pit as readily as out of it.

Here they appear to be contented.

The labourer comes home in the evening, seats himself near his cave, smokes his pipe with his companions, and talks of the last inundation of the Nile, its products, and what the ensuing season is likely to be. His old wife brings him the usual bowl of lentils and bread, moistened with water and salt ; and when she can add a little butter, it is a feast. Knowing nothing beyond this, he is happy. The young man's chief business is to accumulate the amazing sum of a hundred piastres (two pounds and ten shillings), to buy himself a wife, and to make a feast on the wedding-day. If he have any children, they want no clothing : he leaves them to themselves till mother Nature please to teach them to work, to gain money enough to buy a shirt or some other rag to cover themselves ; for while they are children they are generally naked or covered with rags. The parents are roguishly cunning, and the children are schooled by their example ; so that it becomes a matter of course to cheat strangers. Would any one believe that, in such a state of life, luxury and ambition exist ? If any woman be de-

stitute of jewels, she is poor, and looks with envy on one more fortunate than herself, who perhaps has the worth of half-a-crown round her neck ; and she who has a few glass beads, or some sort of coarse coral, a couple of silver brooches, or rings at her arms and legs, is considered as truly rich and great. Some of them are as complete coquettes in their way as any to be seen in the capitals of Europe.

When a young man wants to marry, he goes to the father of the intended bride, and agrees with him what he is to pay for her. This being settled, so much money is to be spent on the wedding-day feast. To set up house-keeping, nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat, which is the bed. The spouse has a gown and jewels of her own ; and if the bridegroom present her with a pair of bracelets of silver, ivory, or glass, she is happy and fortunate indeed. The house is ready, without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof ; and there is no door ; for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. They make a kind of box of clay and straw, which after two or three days exposure to the sun, becomes quite hard. It is fixed on a stand, an aperture is left to put all their precious things into it, and a piece of mummy-case forms the door. If the house does not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command ; I might say several thousands, but they are not all fit to receive inhabitants.

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## LESSON 13.

*Interior of St. Peter's.*

I shall now lead you to St. Peter's, and endeavour to represent the interior of that noble temple. The view is perhaps the best near the bronze statue of St. Peter ; and immediately beside it the survey of the interior is magnificent and imposing. We saw it under the most striking effect, adorned with the beams of the sun, playing upon its gorgeous magnificence ;—the noble dome, with its various colossal paintings, in Mosaic, of angels, prophets, and apostles ; the latter in the spandrils at least twenty-five feet in height. In the transept of the cross are seen the noble sepulchral monuments of the Popes, by Canova, Bernini, Michael Angelo, and others ; splendid pictures in Mosaic, designed by Raphael, Domenichino, Guercino, and Guido, scarcely distinguishable from the finest paintings ; grand columns of marble, porphyry, and granite, the gigantic supporters of the dome, each of which, were it hollow, would be sufficient to contain hundreds of people. Numerous colossal statues of saints, in niches, at least thirteen feet high ; the various and precious stones which impanel the walls of the whole building ; the richness of the ornamented roof ; the galleries from which the relics are occasionally exhibited ; the great altar of Corinthian brass by Bernini, (the height of which is not less than the highest palace in Rome,) with its twisted columns wreathed with olive ; the hundred brazen lamps continually burning, and surrounding the tomb of the patron saint, with its gilded

bronze gate, enriched to the utmost with various ornaments ; the massive silver lamps ; the hangings of crimson silk ; the chair of St. Peter, supported by two popes, statues of great magnitude ; the pavement, composed of the most rare and curious marbles of beautiful workmanship ; the statue of St. Peter, with a constant succession of priests and persons of all descriptions kissing his foot ; the people going to be confessed, and to engage in other acts of religion,—form a whole not to be paralleled on the earth : especially when seen, as I saw it, with the sun's beams darting through the lofty windows of the dome, throwing all into mysterious light, tipping the gilded and plated ornaments, and giving additional richness to the colours of the Mosaic painting, and to the burnished silver lamps, which sparkled like little constellations ; while the effect of all was heightened by the sound of the organ at vespers, swelling in notes of triumph, then dying upon the ear, and sinking into the soul ; the clear melodious tones of the human voice, too, filling up the pauses of the organ, diffusing a deeper solemnity through this great temple, and making us feel an involuntary acknowledgment to God, who had gifted man with such sublime conceptions.

This sacred temple is open in common to the prince and to the beggar ; and here, the latter may find an asylum, and even feel, amidst his present abasement, the exaltation of his nature. Never shall I forget a poor wretched diseased boy, not more than four years of age, with scarcely a rag to cover him, kneeling in front of all the magnificence which I have attempted to describe,



with his little hands and eyes raised to heaven. His appearance in such a place excited in our minds even higher feelings of the sublime than all the surrounding splendour of papal decoration ; for, while this gorgeous fabric shall be crumbling into unsightly ruins, this little human speck, almost overlooked amidst the variety and vastness of surrounding objects,—this little heir of immortality, will enjoy undiminished youth throughout the ages of eternity.

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LESSON 14.

*Thirty Years ago.*

Thirty years ago there were many hundred millions of human beings alive who are now dead. It requires not the aid of inspiration to foretell the same catastrophe, respecting hundreds of millions now living, in thirty years to come.

Thirty years ago all Europe was involved in the French revolutionary war, the most atrocious and diabolical strife in which the lives of men were ever thrown away since the age of Nimrod, by the most humane, intellectual, and religious nations under the sun, in comparison with whom nearly all the rest of the people of the earth are cruel, ignorant, idolatrous barbarians ! Such is the consistency of the human character. We dare not prophesy that the crimes and cruelties of a similar conflict will not be renewed for thirty years to come.

Thirty years ago Mr. Pitt was in the zenith of power, and Mr. Fox in the nadir of opposition, balancing be-

tween them our political sphere, amidst those disturbing forces of tremendous energy, which then were shaking the whole system of civilized society around. They are now sleeping side by side under their marble tombs in Westminster Abbey, and our little world of politics is in equilibrium still without them. "We ne'er may look upon their like again;" and yet what reason is there to question that two as great as they, and better paired to serve their country, by union rather than by contention, may arise in thirty years to come?

Thirty years ago the national debt of England was some two or three hundred millions. It has been raised in the interval to thrice that sum. But it already shows such symptoms of decay, that unless some new war be engaged in to recruit it, it is probable that it may be reduced to the first-named amount in thirty years to come.

Thirty years ago the slave-trade was a lawful, honorable, humane, and Christian occupation. It is now piracy, and persons engaged in it are liable to be "hanged by the neck until dead" at the yard-arm.—Human laws are ever varying, justice is eternal. Slavery itself is now as lawful, honorable, and Christian a thing as the slave-trade was then; but there are some signs of the times which afford a hope that, by a natural demise, a legal execution, or actual suicide, our colonies will be rid of this curse in thirty years to come.

Thirty years ago Buonaparte was not known, except as an artillery officer in the French army. His campaigns in Italy, Germany, Egypt, Syria, Poland, and Russia, his chief consulship, his Imperial dignity, his abdication,

his exile in Elba, his return to Paris, his overthrow at Waterloo, his imprisonment at St. Helena, and his death, have all been gone, and are as if they had never been, except in their consequences, which will not cease to be implicated with the fate of nations till the world's end. There may be a boy at school this day, or rather at home during the midsummer vacation, who shall arrive at equal eminence of power, glory, and dominion, over the destinies of man, through life and beyond the grave, in thirty years to come.

Thirty years ago the small-pox was a perpetual pestilence, walking in darkness throughout the world, wherever ships and armies, merchants or travellers, from Europe had visited. Vaccination has chased this fiend "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same," and from the shores of Greenland to Patagonia. There will scarcely be a pock-marked face to be seen in Europe thirty years to come.

Thirty years ago there was scarcely a poet living amongst us, except Cowper and Peter Pindar. There are now as many authors of volumes of verse as days in the year,—ay, even in leap-year,—we had almost said hours. The works of thirty of these may perhaps be remembered for thirty years to come.

Thirty years ago there were neither gas-light, nor steam packets, nor safety-lamps, nor life-boats, nor a hundred other useful mechanical and philosophical inventions. All these will, most probably, be improved beyond what can be anticipated in thirty years to come.

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## LESSON 15.

*William Penn's Treaty with the Indians.*

The country assigned to him by the royal charter was yet full of its original inhabitants; and the principles of William Penn, did not allow him to look upon that gift as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors of the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners, the preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded, very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement, and solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty, in sight both of the Indians and planters. For this purpose a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was agreed that he and the presiding Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the spreading branches of a prodigious elm-tree that grew on the bank of the river. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighbourhood; and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving in vast swarms, in the depth of the woods which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region. On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, advanced to meet them. He came of course unarmed,—in his usual plain dress,—without banners, or mace, or guard, or

carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk net-work (which, it seems, is still preserved by Mr. Kett of Seething-hall, near Norwich), and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew near the spot where the Sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began:—"The Great Spirit," he said, "who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them, to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love." After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in

the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandize which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he himself had remained with them to repeat it.

The Indians, in return, made a long and stately harangue, of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, but that "they pledged themselves to live in love with

William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure." Thus ended this famous treaty,—of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, "that it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath,—and the only one that never was broken!"

Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiation was entered in, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that, for the space of more than seventy years, and so long indeed as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated; and a large and most striking, though solitary example afforded, of the facility with which they, who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless.



## LESSON 16.

### *On the Sea.*

The ocean rolling its surges from clime to clime, is the most august object under the whole heaven. It is a spectacle of magnificence and terror, which fills the mind, and amazes the imagination.

Let us examine in a single drop of water, only so much as will adhere to the point of a needle. In this speck, an

eminent philosopher computes no less than thirteen thousand globules. And if so many exist in so small a space, how many must there be in the unmeasured extent of the ocean.

It is remarkable, that sand is a more effectual barrier against the sea than rock ; accordingly the sea is continually gaining upon a rocky shore, and losing upon a sandy shore, unless where it sets in with an eddy. Thus it has been gaining from age to age upon the isle of Portland, and the Land's-end in Cornwall; undermining, throwing down, and swallowing up one huge rock after another. Meantime, the sandy shores, both on our southern and western coasts, gain continually upon the sea.

Beneath the boundary of rocks frequently lies a smooth level sand, almost as firm as a well-compacted causeway; insomuch that the tread of a horse scarcely impresses it, and the waters never penetrate it. Without this wise contrivance, the searching waves would insinuate into the heart of the earth ; and the earth itself would, in some places, be hollow as a honey-comb ; in others, bibulous as a sponge.

Nor are the regions of the ocean without their proper inhabitants, clothed in exact conformity to the clime ; not in swelling wool or buoyant feathers, but with as much compactness and as little superfluity as possible. They are clad, or rather sheathed, in scales which adhere close, and are laid in a kind of natural oil ; than which nothing can be more light, and at the same time nothing more solid : it hinders the fluid from penetrating their flesh ; it prevents the cold from chilling their blood ; and enables them to



make their way through the waters with the utmost facility. And they have each an air bladder, a curious instrument, by expanding or compressing which, they rise to what height, or sink to what depth they please.

It is impossible to enumerate the variety of the scaly herds. Among them are animals of monstrous shapes and amazing qualities. The upper jaw of the sword-fish is lengthened into a strong and sharp sword, with which, though he is not above sixteen feet long, he scruples not to engage the whale himself. The sun-fish is one round mass of flesh; only it has two fins, which act the part of oars. The polypus, with its numerous feet and claws, seems fitted only to crawl: yet an excrescence rising on the back enables it to steer a steady course through the waves. The shell of the nautilus forms a kind of boat, and he unfurls a membrane to the wind for a sail. He extends, also, two arms, with which, as with oars, he rows himself along. When he is disposed to dive, he strikes sail, and at once sinks to the bottom. When the weather is calm, he mounts again, and performs his voyage without either chart or compass.

Some, lodged in their shells, seem to have no higher employ than to imbibe nutriment, and are almost rooted to the rocks on which they lie; while others shoot along the yielding flood, and range the spacious regions of the deep. How various is their figure! The shells of some seem to be the rude productions of chance rather than of skill and design; yet even in these we find the nicest dispositions. Uncouth as they appear, they are exactly suit-

ed to the exigencies of their respective tenants. The structure of others is all symmetry and elegance, and no enamel can be compared to their polish.

The mackarel, herring, and various other kinds, throng our creeks and bays : while those of enormous size and appearance, which would fright the valuable fish from our coasts, are kept in the abysses of the ocean ; as wild beasts, compelled by the same over-ruling power, hide themselves in the recesses of the forest.



#### LESSON 17.

##### *Various Phenomena of the Ocean.*

As the natives of the deep are continually obliged to devour one another for necessary subsistence, without extraordinary recruits the whole watery race must soon be totally extinct. Were they to bring forth no more at a birth than land animals, the increase would be far too small for the consumption. The weaker species would soon be destroyed by the stronger, and the stronger themselves must soon after perish for want of food. Therefore, to supply millions of animals with subsistence, they spawn not by scores, but by millions. A single female produces a nation. The great naturalist, Mr. Leuwenhoeck, counted in an ordinary cod 9,384,000 eggs. By this amazing expedient, constant reparation is made proportionable to the immense havoc.

And as the sea abounds with animal inhabitants, so it does also with vegetable productions ; some soft as wool, others hard as stone. Some rise like a leafless shrub ;

some are expanded in the form of a net ; some grow with their hands hanging downwards, and seem rather suspended than springing from the juttings of the rocks.

The herbs and trees on the dry land are fed by the juices that permeate the soil, and float in the air. For this purpose they are furnished with leaves to collect the one, and with roots to attract the other. Whereas the sea plants, having sufficient nourishment in the circumambient waters, have no need to detach roots into the ground, or forage the earth for sustenance. Instead, therefore, of penetrating, they are but just tacked to the bottom ; and adhere to some solid substance only with such a tenacity as may secure them from being tost to and fro by the agitation of the waves.

The sea is that grand reservoir which supplies the earth with its fertility ; and the air and sun are the mighty engines, which work without intermission, to raise the water from this inexhaustible cistern. The clouds, as aqueducts, convey the genial stores along the atmosphere, and distribute them in seasonable and regular proportions through all the regions of the globe.

With what difficulty do we extract a drop of perfectly sweet water from this vast pit of brine ! Yet the sun draws off every moment millions of tuns in vaporous exhalations, which being securely lodged in the clouds, are sent abroad sweetened and refined, without the least brackish tincture, or bituminous sediment ; sent forth upon the wings of the winds, to distil in dews and rains, to ooze in fountains, to trickle along in rivulets, to roll from the sides of mountains, to flow in copious streams

amid burning deserts and through populous kingdoms, in order to refresh and fertilize, to beautify and enrich, every soil in the clime.

How amazing are the goodness and power of the world's adorable Maker, in distributing so largely what is so extensively beneficial! that water, without which we can scarcely perform any business, or enjoy any comfort, should stream by our house, should come from the ends of the earth, from the extremities of the ocean to serve us! that this boundless mass of fluid salt, so intolerably nauseous to the taste, should be the original spring that quenches the thirst both of man and every other species of animals!

Besides the salutary and useful circulation of the rivers, the sea has a motion no less advantageous. Daily, for five or six hours it flows toward the land, and during an equal period retires from it. How great is the power that protrudes to the shores such an inconceivable weight of waters without any concurrence from the winds, often in direct opposition to them! that bids the mighty element revolve with the most exact punctuality! Did it advance with a lawless and unlimited swell, it might deluge whole continents. Were it irregular and uncertain in its approaches, navigation would be at a stand. Is the sailor returned from his voyage, the flux is ready to convey his vessel to the very doors of the owner. Has the merchant freighted his ship, the reflux bears it away with the utmost expedition.

## LESSON 18.

*Scenery of the Upper Orconoko.*

To take in, at one view, the grand character of these stupendous scenes, the spectator must be stationed on the little mountain of Manimi, a granitic ridge, that rises from the Savannah, north of the church of the mission, and is itself only a continuation of the steps of which the cataract of Manimi is composed. We often visited this mountain, for we were never weary of the view of this astonishing spectacle, concealed in one of the most remote corners of the earth. Arrived at the summit of the rock, the eye suddenly takes in a sheet of foam, extending a whole mile. Enormous masses of stone, black as iron, issue from its bosom. Some are paps grouped in pairs, like basaltic hills; others resemble towers, strong castles, and ruined buildings. Their gloomy tints contrast with the silvery splendour of the foam. Every rock, every islet, is covered with vigorous trees, collected in clusters. At the foot of those paps, far as the eye can reach, a thick vapour is suspended over the river, and through this whitish fog the tops of the lofty palm-trees shoot up. This majestic plant, the trunk of which is more than eighty feet high, has a leafy plume, of a brilliant lustre, which rises almost straight toward the sky. At every hour of the day the sheet of foam displays different aspects. Sometimes the hilly islands and the palm-trees project their broad shadows; sometimes the rays of the setting sun are refracted in the humid cloud that shrouds the cataract. Coloured arcs are formed, and vanish, and appear again al-

ternately : light sport of the air, their images wave above the plain.

Such is the character of the landscape discovered from the top of the mountain of Manimi, which no traveller has yet described. I do not hesitate to repeat, that neither time, nor the view of the Cordilleras, nor any abode in the temperate valleys of Mexico, have effaced from my mind the powerful impression of the aspect of the cataracts. When I read a description of those places in India that are embellished by running waters and vigorous vegetation, my imagination retraces a sea of foam and palm-trees, the tops of which rise above a stratum of vapour. The majestic scenes of nature, like the sublime works of poetry and the arts, leave remembrances that are incessantly awakening, and through the whole of life mingle with all our feelings of what is grand and beautiful.

The calm of the atmosphere, and the tumultuous movement of the waters, produce a contrast peculiar to this zone. Here no breath of wind ever agitates the foliage, no cloud veils the splendour of the azure vault of heaven : a great mass of light is diffused in the air ; on the earth, strewn with plants with glossy leaves, and on the bed of the river, which extends far as the eye can reach. This appearance surprises a traveller born in the north of Europe. The idea of wild scenery,—of a torrent rushing from rock to rock,—is linked in his imagination with that of a climate, where the noise of the tempest is mingled with the sound of the cataracts ; and where, in a gloomy and misty day, sweeping clouds seem to descend into the valley, and rest upon the tops of the pines. The land-

scape of the tropics in the low regions of continents has a peculiar physiognomy ; something of greatness and repose, which it preserves, even where one of the elements is struggling with invincible obstacles. Near the equator, hurricanes and tempests belong to islands only, to deserts destitute of plants, and to those spots where parts of the atmosphere repose upon surfaces from which the radiation of heat is very different.

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### LESSON 19.

#### *Volcanic Eruption in Iceland.*

From the year 1724 to 1730, Mount Krabla, in Iceland, almost incessantly poured forth torrents of burning lava. The natives call these tremendous streams by the appropriate name of stone-floods. By day they emit a blue sulphureous flame, obscured by smoke and vapour ; by night they redden, and illuminate the whole horizon. Balls of fire are sent up from the stone-floods, as well as from the burning mountains. In 1755, Katlegiaa poured out a torrent of water which swept glaciers and rocks before it, and inundated an extent of country fifteen miles long and twenty wide : alternate discharges of fire and water took place, each equally destructive ; loud subterraneous noises were heard to the distance of eighty or ninety miles ; and three hundred miles off ashes fell like rain in the Feroe Isles.

But the most tremendous eruption, recorded in the Icelandic annals, is that of 1783. It began on the 1st of June with earthquakes ; these continued to increase till

the 11th, when the inhabitants quitted their houses, and took up their abode in tents. Meantime, a continual smoke was seen rising from the northern and uninhabited part of the country; three fire-spouts broke out, which, after they had risen to a considerable height, were formed into one, visible at a distance of more than 150 miles. The whole atmosphere was darkened with sand, and dust, and brimstone; showers of pumice stones fell red hot, together with a dirty substance like pitch, in small balls or rings, which blasted all vegetation. At the same time great quantities of rain fell, which, running in torrents upon the hot ground, tore up the earth, and carried it into the lower country. This rain was so impregnated with salt and sulphur, in passing the clouds of smoke which filled the sky, as to occasion considerable smarting on the skin. At a greater distance from the fire, there was in some places a shower of hail, in others a fall of snow, so heavy as to do much injury to the cattle. Meanwhile, such streams arose as to darken the sun, and make its disk appear like blood; this was perceived in England. A tract of country, above sixty English miles in length, was converted into one great lake of fire. Its perpendicular height was from fifteen to twenty fathoms. The hills which it did not cover it melted down; so that the whole surface was one level expanse of molten matter. Two burning islands were thrown up in the sea. Ships sailing between Copenhagen and Norway were covered with a black and pitchy mixture of brimstone and ashes; and the rain which fell in Norway was so acrid, that it totally destroyed the leaves of the trees. Nearly all the



grass in the island was burnt, and what was left was in such a state, that most of the cattle which escaped the fire and flood died for want of food, or were poisoned by what hunger compelled them to eat. The atmosphere proved fatal to old persons, and all who had any tendency to pulmonary disease. But the greatest evil was the famine which ensued; and which was so dreadful, that the number of inhabitants who perished in consequence of the eruption amounted to near 9000.

LESSON 20.

*The Salt-mine, near Cracow in Poland.*

AT Wielitska, a small town about eight miles from Cracow, this wonderful mine is excavated in a ridge of hills, at the northern extremity of the chain which joins to the Carpathian mountains; and has been worked above six hundred years.

There are eight openings or descents into this mine, six in the fields, and two in the town itself. The openings are lined throughout with timber: and at the top of each there is a large wheel, with a rope as thick as a cable, by which things are let down, and the salt is drawn up.

The descent is very slow and gradual, down a narrow dark well, to the depth of six hundred feet perpendicular. The place where the stranger is set down is perfectly dark; but the miners striking fire, and lighting a small lamp, conduct him through a number of passages, and by means of ladders, they again descend to an immense depth: at the foot of the last ladder the stranger is re-

ceived in a small dark cavern : and in the course of their descent it is usual for the guide to pretend the utmost dread and apprehension of the feeble light of his lamp going out, often declaring that such an accident might be attended with the most fatal consequences.

When arrived at this dreary chamber, the miner contrives to extinguish his lamp as if by accident, and, catching the stranger by the hand, drags him through a narrow creek into the body of the mine; when there bursts upon his view a little world, the beauty of which is scarcely to be imagined. He beholds a spacious plain, containing a kind of subterranean city, with houses, carriages, roads, &c. all scooped out of one vast rock of salt, as bright and glittering as crystal; while the blaze of the lights continually burning for the general use, reflected from the dazzling columns which support the lofty arched vaults of the mine, and which are beautifully tinged with all the colours of the rainbow, and sparkle with the lustre of precious stones, affords a more splendid and glittering prospect than any thing above-ground can possibly exhibit.

In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and their families, some single and others in clusters like villages. They have very little communication with the world above ground; and many hundreds of persons are born and pass the whole of their lives here.

Through the midst of this plain lies a road, which is always filled with carriages laden with masses of salt from the furthest part of the mine. The drivers are generally singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems. A great

number of horses are kept in the mine ; and when once let down, never see day-light again.

The instruments principally used by the miners are pick-axes, hammers, and chisels ; with which they dig out the salt in the form of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight. This is found the most convenient method of getting it out of the mine ; and as soon as got above ground, the masses are broken into smaller pieces, and sent to the mills, where they are reduced to powder. The finest sort of salt is sometimes cut into toys, and often passes for real crystal.

This mine appears to be inexhaustible. Its known breadth is one thousand one hundred and fifteen feet, its length is six thousand six hundred and ninety-one feet, and its depth seven hundred and forty-three feet. This, however, is to be understood only of the part which has been actually worked ; as to the real depth or longitudinal extent of the bed of salt, it is not possible to conjecture.

#### LESSON 21.

##### *Description of the Laplanders.*

Who can be without a lively sense of gratitude toward his Creator, and of pity to those of his fellow-creatures to whom Nature has more sparingly distributed her blessings, when he fixes his eyes on the Laplanders, and the inhabitants of the lands bordering on the arctic pole ?

Their country is formed of a chain of mountains covered with snow and ice, which do not melt even in

summer ; and where the chain is interrupted, bogs and marshes fill the space. Winter is felt during the greater part of the year : a deep snow overwhelms the valleys and covers the little hills, and for a long time the sun never rises above their horizon. The inhabitants seek shelter from the cold in tents, which can be removed from one place to another.

They fix their fire-place in the middle of the tent, and surround it with stones. The smoke goes out at a hole in the top, which also serves them for a window. There they fasten iron chains, to which they hang the caldrons in which they dress their food, and melt the ice which serves them for drink. The inside of the tent is furnished with furs, which preserve them from the cold ; and they lie on skins of animals, spread upon the ground.

It is in such habitations that the Laplanders pass their winter, surrounded by the howling wolves, who are roaming every where in search of prey. How could we bear the climate and way of life of these people? How much we should think ourselves to be pitied, if we had nothing before our eyes but an immense extent of ice, and whole deserts covered with snow ; the absence of the sun making the cold still more insupportable!—and if instead of a convenient dwelling, we had only moveable tents made of skins ; and no other resource for our subsistence but in painful and dangerous hunting.

Are not these reflections proper to make us observe the many advantages of our climate, to which we attend so little ? Ought they not to animate us to bless the divine Providence for the many thousand advantages we

enjoy ? Yes, let us ever bless that wise Providence ; and when we feel the severity of the season, let us return thanks, that the cold is so moderate where we dwell, and that we have such numerous ways of guarding against it.

But is the inhabitant of northern countries so unhappy as we imagine ? It is true, that he wanders painfully through rough valleys and unbeaten roads, and that he is exposed to the inclemency of the seasons. But his hardy body is able to bear fatigue. If the Laplander be poor, and deprived of many of the conveniences of life that we enjoy ; is he not rich, in knowing no other wants than those which he can easily satisfy ?

He is deprived, for several months, of the light of the sun ; but in return, the moon and the aurora borealis come to illuminate his horizon. Even the snow and ice, in which he is buried, do not make him unhappy. Education and custom arm him against the severity of his climate. The hardy life he leads, enables him to brave the cold ; and the particular wants which are indispensable to him, Nature has made it easy for him to supply. She has pointed out to him animals, the fur of which defends him from the keenness of the air. She has given him the rein-deer, which furnishes him with his tent, his dress, his bed, and his food : with this animal he undertakes long journeys, it supplies almost all his wants, and the maintenance of it is no expense or trouble to him.

If it be true, then, that the idea we form of happiness depends more on opinion than on reason : if it be true, also, that real happiness is not fixed to particular people, or particular climates ; and that, with the necessities of

life and peace of mind, a man may be happy in any corner of the earth: have we not a right to ask, what the Laplander wants to make him happy?

LESSON 22.

*The Esquimaux.*

THE Esquimaux exhibit a strange mixture of intellect and dulness, of cunning and simplicity, of ingenuity and stupidity: few of them could count beyond five, and not one of them beyond ten, nor could any of them speak a dozen words of English after a constant intercourse of seventeen or eighteen months; yet many of them could imitate the manners and actions of the strangers, and were, on the whole, excellent mimics.—One woman in particular, of the name of Iligluik, very soon attracted the attention of Captain Parry and his people, by the various traits of that superiority of understanding for which, it was found, she was remarkably distinguished, and held in esteem even by her own countrymen. She had a great fondness for singing, possessed a soft voice and an excellent air; but, like another great singer, who figured in a different society, “there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun;” she would listen, however, for hours together to the tunes played on the organ. Her superior intelligence was, perhaps, most conspicuous in the readiness with which she was made to comprehend the manner of laying down, on paper, the geographical outline of that part of the coast of America she was acquainted with, and the neighbouring

islands, so as to construct a chart.—At first it was found difficult to make her comprehend what was meant; but when Captain Parry had discovered that the Esquimaux were already acquainted with the four cardinal points of the compass, for which they have appropriate names, he drew them on a sheet of paper, together with that portion of the coast just discovered, which was opposite to Winter Island, where then they were, and of course well known to her.

We desired her (says Captain Parry) to complete the rest, and to do it mikkee (small), when, with a countenance of the most grave attention and peculiar intelligence, she drew the coast of the continent beyond her own country, as lying nearly north from Winter Island. The most important part still remained, and it would have amused an unconcerned looker-on to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of our part of the group till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude. Our surprise and satisfaction may therefore, in some degree, be imagined, when, without taking it from the paper, Iligluik brought the continental coast short round to the westward, and afterwards to the S.S.W., so as to come within three or four days' journey of Repulse Bay.

I am, however, compelled to acknowledge that, in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise?) began to be turned by the general attention and numberless pre-

sents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her, in our estimation, far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligluik alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained, which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to "the wise woman," as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligluik was sent for quite as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence, to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation, assuming certain airs which, though infinitely diversified in their operation, according to circumstances, perhaps universally attend a too sudden accession of good fortune in every child of Adam from the equator to the poles. The consequence was, that Iligluik was soon spoiled; she considered her admission into the ships, and most of the cabins, no longer an indulgence, but a right; ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents; became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short Iligluik



in February and Iligluik in April were confessedly very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

No kind of distress can deprive the Esquimaux of their cheerful temper and good humour, which they preserve even when severely pinched with hunger and cold, and wholly deprived, for days together, both of food and fuel,—a situation to which they are very frequently reduced. Yet no calamity of this kind can teach them to be provident, or to take the least thought for the morrow; with them, indeed, it is always either a feast or a famine. The enormous quantity of animal food (they have no other) which they devour at a time, is almost incredible. The quantity of meat which they procured, between the first of October and the first of April, was sufficient to have furnished about double the number of working people, who were moderate eaters, and had any idea of providing for a future day; but to individuals who can demolish four or five pounds at a sitting, and at least ten in the course of a day, and who never bestow a thought on to-morrow, at least with the view to provide for it by economy, there is scarcely any supply which could secure them from occasional scarcity. It is highly probable, that the alternate feasting and fasting, to which

the gluttony and improvidence of these people so constantly subject them, may have occasioned many of the complaints that proved fatal during the winter: and, on this account, we hardly knew whether to rejoice or not, at the general success of their fishery.

In every direction around their huts were lying innumerable bones of walrusses and seals, together with skulls of dogs, bears, and foxes, on many of which a part of the putrid flesh still remaining, sent forth the most offensive effluvia. We were not a little surprised to find also a number of human skulls lying about among the rest, within a few yards of the huts; and were somewhat inclined to be out of humour on this account with our new friends, who not only treated the matter with the utmost indifference, but on observing that we were inclined to add some of them to our collections, went eagerly about to look for them, and tumbled, perhaps, the craniums of some of their own relations into our bag, without delicacy or remorse. In various other parts of the island we soon after met with similar relics, no better disposed of; but we had yet to learn how little pains these people take to place the dead out of the reach of hungry bears, or anatomical collectors.

### LESSON 23.

#### *Visit to a New Continent.*

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is va-

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cancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own. To watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores. There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation.

How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over;—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest;—their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, poured

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over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one moment shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more.”

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain. “As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for me to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of “A sail a-head!” but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected

to hoist a light. We struck her just a-mid-ships. The force, the size, and the weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her; and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the hallos of any survivor! but all was silent—we never heard nor saw any thing of them more!"

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "Land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time, until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welch moun-

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tains, towering into the clouds ; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village-church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable, that the ship was enabled to come at once on the pier ; it was thronged with people ; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust in his pockets ; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other. But I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd ; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade ; but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to

his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the congratulations of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

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## CHAP. IV.

## PATHETIC PIECES.



## LESSON 1.

*The Dead Ass.*

And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child ; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much ; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his ; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it ; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, while the horses were getting ready ; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia ; and had got so

far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay Nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured loved him; and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that neither had scarce eaten or drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him. Alas! said the mourner, I thought

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so, when he was alive, but now he is dead, I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for. Shame on the world ! said I to myself—Did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass, 'twould be something.

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LESSON 2.

*Liberty and Slavery.*

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery ! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty ! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all, in public or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change.

No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.

Gracious Heaven ! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion ; and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good to thy divine providence, upon those heads, which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure

to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me,—

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood,—he had seen no sun, nor moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his lit-

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sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long lain aside, except on a few festival days. An Agnus Dei hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress, whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and, as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness, that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and, signing herself with the cross, sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared, that she could not, in conscience, hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and, kneeling down, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared, that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross, so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rude-

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ly endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm, but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block ; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair, already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up, still streaming with blood ; and the dean crying out, " So perish all queen Elizabeth's enemies," the earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears ; being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments, but those of pity or admiration.

Such was the tragical death of Mary queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen years of which she passed in captivity.

None of her women were suffered to come near her dead body, which was carried into a room adjoining to the place of execution, where it lay for some days, covered with a coarse cloth torn from a billiard table. The block, the scaffold, the aprons of the executioners, and every thing stained with her blood, were reduced to ashes. Not long after, Elizabeth appointed her body to be buried in the cathedral of Peterborough with royal magnificence. But this vulgar artifice was employed in vain ! the pageantry of a pompous funeral did not efface the memory of those injuries which laid Mary in her grave. James, soon after his accession to the English throne, ordered her body to be removed to Westmin-

ster Abbey, and to be deposited among the monarchs of England.

LESSON 3.

*Maria.*

They were the sweetest notes I ever heard, and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly.—“’Tis Maria,” said the postilion, observing I was listening.—“Poor Maria,” continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for she was in a line betwixt us,) “is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.”

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four and twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines.—“And who is poor Maria?” said I.

“The love and pity of all the villages around us,” said the postilion;—“it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid: and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them——” He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes, yet were ten times sweeter.—“It is the evening service to the Virgin,” said the young man; “but who has taught her to play it, or how she came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her



in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.”

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria’s taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side:—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

“God help her; poor damsel! above a hundred masses,” said the postilion, “have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her—but without effect: we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who knew her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.”

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately.

"Well, Maria," said I softly,—“what resemblance do you find?”

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is, that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

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#### LESSON 4.

#### *Maria, (concluded.)*

When we had got within half a league of Moulines. at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines, and La Fleur to bespeak my supper, and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which be-

fore was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle. As I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string. "Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own, and then in her's; and then in mine, and then in her's again; and, as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts:—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft;—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she

should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her.

As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it: she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril: on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once,—and returned back;—that she found her way alone across the Apennines; had travelled over all Lombardy without money; and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell; “but God tempers the wind,” said Maria, “to the shorn lamb.”

“Shorn indeed! and to the quick,” said I; “and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldest eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup;—I would be kind to thy Sylvio; in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back; when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done thou shouldest play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.”

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—“And where will you dry it,

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Maria ?" said I.—"I will dry it in my bosom," said she ;  
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"And is your heart still so warm, Maria ?" said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face ; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin. The string I had touched ceased to vibrate: in a moment or two Maria returned to herself, let her pipe fall, and rose up.

"And where are you going, Maria ?" said I.—She said, "To Moulines."—"Let us go," said I, "together."—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow ; in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms ;—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly ; still she was feminine : and there was so much about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden ! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

## LESSON 5.

*Alcander and Septimius.*

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, of being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friend-

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ship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both ; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion ; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love. And Alcander, being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant, dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion ; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius : in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unaltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be ta-

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ken notice of ; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest ; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another ; for night coming-on, he now found himself under the necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger : in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair : in this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for awhile in sleep ; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat ; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further inquiry, an alarm was spread ; the cave was examined, and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so

long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty : he was determined to make no defence ; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence, therefore, appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude ; but their astonishment was still further increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal : Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related ? Alcander was acquitted ; shared the friendship and honors of the principal citizens of Rome ; lived afterwards in happiness and ease ; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, " That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve."

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## CHAP. V.

## ANECDOTES.



## LESSON 1.

*British Heroism.*

The following incident, which took place at Calais in April, 1817, is translated from a French newspaper.

On the 17th, the wind blowing from N.N.E. with extreme violence, had rendered the sea frightful, and all approach to the coast dangerous, when about eleven o'clock, A. M., the time of high water, there was seen a small French vessel (the *Leonora*, from L'Orient, of 72 tons, with seven men, bound from Nantes to Dunkirk, with a cargo of grain), beating up painfully against the fury of the waves. The captain, Huard, thinking, no doubt, that it would be safer to attempt entering the port of Calais than standing out to sea, determined on the former;—and, although he had neither a pilot on board, nor any personal knowledge of the coast, he hazarded an effort to carry it into execution; but, overpowered by the force of the winds, the currents, and the waves, he was driven on the works to the east of the port, where he struck. The danger soon became imminent, and the wrecks thrown on shore announced the certain death of the seven unfortunate mariners. Numerous witnesses of the scene of desolation lamented that they could offer no assistance. At this moment there was

seen advancing with force of oars, a pinnace-boat sent from the British yacht called the Royal Sovereign, which had carried to Dunkirk the Duke of Orleans some days before. This boat, commanded by Lieutenant Charles Moore, who had under him eight sailors from the yacht, advanced with intrepidity, in spite of the dangers with which it was surrounded. Captain Owen, the commander of the yacht, displaying a zeal worthy of the greatest praise, stood upon the extremity of the pier, and, cheered by his gestures and his voice, the brave and intrepid lieutenant and his eight sailors; and although he was incessantly covered with the waves that dashed against the pier, he perseveringly maintained his painful and dangerous position for the purpose of pointing out, together with M. Sagot, the port-captain, and some other French officers, the measures proper to be adopted, and of adding, if possible, to the necessary means of assistance. Up to this time the danger had been increasing on board the wrecked vessel, and already had several men lost their lives, when three were seen still to survive, and to implore assistance. Meanwhile the generous and intrepid Lieutenant Moore, with his eight seamen, neglected no effort. At last they reached within a little distance of the wreck, and, by means of a rope, which they threw out to the vessel, saved two of these unfortunate men. Not being able longer to keep their position, the boat returned to the pier to land these two, when Captain Wilkinson, the master of the English packet, the Dart, of Dover, generously threw himself into the boat, at the hazard of his life, to assist in this man-

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œuvre. There remained still on the wreck another survivor, who had bound himself to the mast with a rope, that he might not be washed overboard. The desire of crowning this fine action by rescuing another victim from the waves, inspired heroism into the courageous lieutenant and his crew. They returned anew to face a danger, the force of which they had already measured; and had nearly reached the boat, the gallant lieutenant standing up and directing the rowers, when a wave, more impetuous than the rest, broke over the pinnace, overthrew, and precipitated into the waters, this generous officer, who instantly disappeared. A feeling of consternation struck with terror and regret the numerous spectators of the scene.—The lieutenant, however, after having passed under his boat, recovered himself and rose to the surface, where he was immediately taken up by his sailors, and replaced in the boat. The courage of this generous man was not slackened by the threatened death which he had so miraculously escaped; he lost not the presence of mind that belongs to true intrepidity, and he returned with heroic perseverance towards the perishing individual for whose safety he hazarded his own. The difficulties of the situation increased;—the French sailor, too much weakened, had lost courage; but, seeing the boat return to his assistance, he unbound himself, and, endeavouring to make an effort for his own salvation, he precipitated himself into the sea, where he was seen to float for an instant, and then to sink for ever! All assistance had now become useless, and the English boat returned to port, where the generous

men, who had given so noble an example of their rare intrepidity, received the testimonies of that satisfaction with which every spectator was deeply penetrated.

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## LESSON 2.

### *Romantic Story.*

There is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can only be entered by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally, while diving after a turtle; and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse. There was a tyrannical governor at Vayao, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection: it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and had kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel: he told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it,—these women swim like mermaids,—she dived after him and rose in the cavern. In the widest part it is about fifty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same, the roof hung with stalactites. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her

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bed, and sandal-wood oil to perfume herself: here he visited her as often as was consistent with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependents, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji islands. The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her, jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water. This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have to be perfectly delightful,—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vavao, where they enjoyed a long and happy life. This is related as an authentic tradition.



### LESSON 3.

#### *Anecdotes of Mozart.*

The most celebrated of Mozart's Italian operas is *Don Juan*, which has recently been performed with so much applause in London. The overture was composed under very remarkable circumstances. Mozart was much addicted to trifling amusement, and was accustomed to

indulge himself in that too common attendant upon superior talent, procrastination. The general rehearsal of this opera had taken place, and the evening before the first performance had arrived, but not a note of the overture was written. At about eleven at night, Mozart came home, and desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him to keep him awake. Accordingly, when he began to write, she began to tell him fairy-tales and odd stories, which made him laugh, and by the very exertion preserved him from sleep. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only write while his wife was talking, and dropped asleep as soon as she ceased. He was at last so fatigued by these unnatural efforts, that he persuaded his wife to suffer him to sleep for an hour. He slept, however, for two hours, and at five o'clock in the morning she awakened him. He had appointed his music-copiers to come at seven, and when they arrived the overture was finished. It was played without a rehearsal, and was justly applauded as a brilliant and grand composition. We ought at the same time to say, that some very sagacious critics have discovered the passages in the composition where Mozart dropt asleep, and those where he was suddenly awakened.

The bodily frame of Mozart was tender and exquisitely sensible; ill health soon overtook him, and brought with it a melancholy approaching to despondency. A very short time before his death, which took place when he was only thirty-six, he composed that celebrated requiem, which, by an extraordinary presentiment of his



approaching dissolution, he considered as written for his own funeral.

One day, when he was plunged in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who requested to speak with him. A person was introduced, handsomely dressed, of dignified and impressive manners. "I have been commissioned, sir, by a man of considerable importance, to call upon you."—"Who is he?" interrupted Mozart. "He does not wish to be known."—"Well, what does he want?"—"He has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a requiem."—Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole was involved. He engaged to write the requiem. The stranger continued, "Employ all your genius on this work, it is destined for a connoisseur."—"So much the better."—"What time do you require?"—"A month."—"Very well; in a month's time I shall return—what price do you set on your work?"—"A hundred ducats." The stranger counted them on the table, and disappeared.

Mozart remained lost in thought for some time: he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and, in spite of his wife's entreaties, began to write. This rage for composition continued several days; he wrote day and night, with an ardour which seemed continually to increase; but his constitution, already in a state of great

debility, was unable to support this enthusiasm; one morning he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend his work. Two or three days after, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloomy presages which occupied it, he said to her abruptly, "It is certain that I am writing this requiem for myself; it will serve for my funeral-service." Nothing could remove this impression from his mind.

As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day, and the score advancing slowly. The month which he had fixed being expired, the stranger again made his appearance. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word." "Do not give yourself any uneasiness," replied the stranger; "what further time do you require?"—"Another month; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond what I at first designed."—"In that case, it is but just to increase the premium; here are fifty ducats more."—"Sir," said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, "who then are you?"—"That is nothing to the purpose; in a month's time I shall return."

Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and find out who he was; but the man failed from want of skill, and returned without being able to trace him.

Poor Mozart was then persuaded that he was no ordinary being; that he had a connexion with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end. He applied himself with the more ardour to his requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument

of his genius. While thus employed, he was seized with the most alarming fainting fits ; but the work was at length completed before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed the stranger returned, but Mozart was no more.

His career was as brilliant as it was short. He died before he had completed his thirty-sixth year ; but in this short space of time he had acquired a name which will never perish, so long as feeling hearts are to be found.

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#### LESSON 4.

#### *Republican Simplicity.*

An English dandy (says a New York editor), who visited this town in the year 1817, ordered a suit of clothes to be made by one of our most fashionable tailors, which, by agreement, was to be finished on a certain day. The gentleman, being disappointed, went to the tailor's, and rated him soundly for his conduct.—“Sir, (with an oath,) in my country, when a tailor disappoints his customer, we punish him for it.”—“Ah ! yes, sir.”—“Don't say ah ! I am not to be disappointed with impunity.” At this moment a person entered, who addressed the tailor as follows:—“Alderman, I have a petition before the Hon. the Corporation, relative to one of the avenues, and should be happy if you would be present and attend to it.”—“Very well, sir,” says the tailor ; “I know something of the subject, and shall do so.” Scarcely had he departed, before another one entered. “I have,” said he to the tailor, “placed a note in your bank for discount ;

I have not spoken to any other direct or but yourself; will you use your efforts to get it done for me?"—"I will do my best," said the tailor. When the last person departed, a young officer in full dress entered, who addressed the tailor as follows:—"Colonel, I have come to receive your orders." The alderman, colonel, bank-director, and tailor, said in reply, "Very well, sir, you shall have them; and you will take care that the adjutant has the division on the ground at the precise hour." The Englishman, who attended these interviews, very leisurely lifted up his eye-glass, and, having viewed the tailor from top to toe, took his leave, saying, "Sir, you may send my clothes home whenever you please." From this circumstance it will be seen, that the avenue to fame, to honour, and to office, are open to all who deserve them in the United States; and that the mechanic, trampling upon fictitious rank in society, can claim and obtain equal honours by a faithful and correct discharge of his duty; and that a tailor, who is a good citizen, cannot fail to be a respectable man.

#### LESSON 5.

##### *Fate of Genius.*

Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in gaol; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Bentivoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens, the celebrated

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writer of the *Lusiad*, ended his days, it is said, in an alms-house; and at any rate, was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents which have a tendency to erect the spirit of a downward age; and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debts as far as it would go. In our own country, Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser, the charming Spenser, died forsaken and in want; the death of Collins came through neglect, first causing mental derangement; Milton sold his copy-right of *Paradise Lost* for fifteen pounds, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and in distress; Otway died prematurely, and through hunger; Lee died in the streets; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle, to save him from the gripe of the law; Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of eight pounds; Butler lived in penury, and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself!

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LESSON 6.

*The Royal Society.*

When King Charles II. dined with the members on the occasion of constituting them a Royal Society, towards the close of the evening he expressed his satisfac-

tion at being the first English monarch who had laid a foundation for a society, who proposed that their whole studies should be directed to the investigation of the arcana of nature, and added, with that peculiar gravity of countenance he usually wore on such occasions, that among such learned men he now hoped for a solution to a question which had long puzzled him. The case he thus stated:—"Suppose two pails of water were fixed in two different scales that were equally poised, and which weighed equally alike, and two live bream, or small fish, were put into either of these pails; he wanted to know the reason why that pail, with such addition, should not weigh more than the other pail which was against it." Every one was ready to set at quiet the royal curiosity; but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One at length offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh; when the king, turning to him, insisted that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation; and told his majesty, in plain terms, that he denied the fact; on which the king, in high mirth, exclaimed, "Odds fish, brother, you are in the right!" The jest was not ill designed. The story was often useful to cool the enthusiasm of the scientific visionary, who is apt to account for what never existed.

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## LESSON 7.

*Remarkable Instance of Fidelity in a Servant.*

In the winter of the year 1776, the Count and Countess Podotsky being on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves, which are very numerous in the Carpathian mountains, and, when the cold is very severe, are more bold and savage than usual, came down in hordes, and pursued the carriage between the towns of Oswaik and Zator, the latter of which is only a few leagues from Cracow. Of two servants, one was sent before to bespeak post-horses; the other, whom the count particularly esteemed for his fidelity, seeing the wolves come nearer and nearer, begged his master to permit him to leave them his horse, by which their rage would in some measure be satisfied, and they should gain time to reach Zator. The count consented; the servant mounted behind the carriage and let the horse go, which was seized by the wolves, and torn into a thousand pieces.—Meantime the travellers proceeded with all the speed they could, in hopes to reach the town, from which they were not very distant. But the horses were tired, and the wolves, becoming more savage now that they had tasted blood, had almost overtaken the carriage. In this extreme necessity, the servant cried out, "There is only one means of deliverance; I will go and meet the wolves, if you will swear to provide as a father for my wife and children. I must perish; but while they fall upon me, you will escape." Podotsky hesitated to comply; but as there was no prospect of escape, he consented, and solemnly vowed, that

if he would sacrifice himself for their safety, he would constantly provide for his family. The servant immediately got down, went to meet the wolves, and was devoured ! The count reached the gates of Zator, and was saved. The servant was a protestant ; his master a catholic, and conscientiously kept his word.

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### LESSON 8.

#### *Interesting Anecdotes.*

During the war of independence in North America, a plain farmer, Richard Jackson by name, was apprehended, under such circumstances as proved beyond all doubt his purpose of joining the king's forces, an intention which he was too honest to deny ; accordingly he was delivered over to the high sheriff, and committed to the county jail. The prison was in such a state that he might have found little difficulty in escaping ; but he considered himself as in the hands of authority, such as it was, and the same principle of duty which led him to take arms, made him equally ready to endure the consequences. After lying there a few days he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work by day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation, and for eight months Jackson went out every day to labour, and as duly came back to prison at night. In the month of May the sheriff prepared to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be



tried for high treason. Jackson said this would be a needless trouble and expense; he could save the sheriff both, and go just as well by himself. His word was once more taken, and he set off alone, to present himself for trial and certain condemnation. On the way he was overtaken in the woods by Mr. Edwards, a member of the council of Massachusetts; which at that time was the supreme executive of the state. This gentleman asked him whither he was going? "To Springfield, sir," was his answer, "to be tried for my life." To this casual interview Jackson owed his escape, when, having been found guilty and condemned to death, application was made to the council for mercy. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the president put the question, whether a pardon should be granted? It was opposed by the first speaker; the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act was unquestionably high treason, and the proof complete; and if mercy was shown in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other. Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful: this hard-hearted opinion accorded with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in by one member after another, till it came to Mr. Edwards' turn to speak. Instead of delivering his opinion, he simply related the whole story of Jackson's singular demeanour, and what had passed between them in the woods. For the honour of Massachusetts, and of human nature, not a man was found to weaken its effect by one of those dry legal remarks, which, like a blast of the desert, wither the heart they reach. The council began to

hesitate, and when a member ventured to say that such a man certainly ought not to be sent to the gallows, a natural feeling of humanity and justice prevailed, and a pardon was immediately made out.

"Never," says the author, "was a stronger proof exhibited that honesty is wisdom." It was not the man's honesty, but his child-like simplicity, which saved his life; without that simplicity his integrity would have availed him little; in fact, it was his crime, for it was for doing what, according to the principles wherein he had been born and bred, he believed to be his duty, that he was brought to trial and condemned.—This it is which renders civil and religious wars so peculiarly dreadful; and in the history of such wars, every incident which (like this, and the beautiful story of Vezins and Regnier at the massacre of St. Bartholomew) serves to reconcile us to humanity, ought carefully to be preserved. Let us add one such anecdote here, which may equally interest Americans and Englishmen. During the revolutionary war, when the two armies were near each other, an English officer, who was stationed at one of the out-posts, observed a general officer of the enemy approaching to reconnoitre the English position with a telescope. He was on horseback, and, not perceiving the English picquet, approached within shot, so near as to afford the officer a sure mark; the gun was presented, and the finger on the trigger, when the Englishman's heart failed him; he could not bear to take away the life of one who apprehended no danger; it seemed to him as an act of murder; and, lowering the gun, he suffered the

American, utterly unconscious of his providential deliverance, to pass on. To the latest hour of his life, the English officer blessed God that he had in this instance yielded to the impulse of his better mind, for he had ascertained that the American whose life had then been in his hands was—General Washington.

LESSON 9.

*Limerick Cathedral Bells.*

The remarkably fine bells of Limerick cathedral were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native, (whose name tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the chef-d'œuvre of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away into another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted

by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland—proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turretted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native heaven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed; and when they landed—they found him cold!

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## LESSON 10.

*Whimsical Anecdote.*

A circumstance which, when related to us by a good mimic, excited our risibility in a high degree, and struck us as scarcely less ludicrous than the celebrated story of Monsieur Tonson, occurred some time ago at a circuit court of justice, and in the presence of a Judge whose peculiarities of temper and manner are more than compensated by his many excellent and amiable qualities. Their Lordships and suite had just met, and were proceeding to investigate rather an interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a continued knocking at the outer-court door. Again and again the shrill-toned macer ejaculated, "Silence, silence there!" to little or no purpose; when the Judge exclaimed, "What's the meaning of all that noise?—macer, officers, what are you about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle-shuffling?" Officer—"It's a man, my Lord." "A man! what man, sir? Who, where is he, and what does he want?" "He's at the outside, please your Lordship, and wants to get in." "Well, keep him out, keep him out, I say, sir." The officer bowed or nodded assent, and the business of the court proceeded. By and by, however, an individual possessing the right of entrée, walked into the hall of justice, and "the man," watching his opportunity, slipped in at the same time. By a levity and restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well in till he wished to get out again. With this he began to jostle every

body near him,—a proceeding which not only created a fresh hubbub, but drew forth another rebuke. Judge—“What’s all this now? Even if my ear were as sharp as that of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying.” Officer—“It’s the man, my Lord.” “What! the same man?” “The verra same!” “Well, what does he want now?” “He wants to get out, please your Lordship.” “Wants to get out! Then keep him in—keep him in, I say, sir.” The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering man was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, therefore, and elbowing his way to an open window, he mounted on what is called the sole, and appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction. But the vigilant officer again caught the Tartar; and again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His Lordship appeared angry (as well he might), and a third time exclaimed, “What’s the matter now?—is there to be no end to this?” Officer—“It’s the man, my Lord.” “What! the same man again? Show me the fellow, and I’ll man him.” The officer here pointed to a respectable enough looking individual, who, as he said, “had cruppen up on the window-sole, and wanted to get down again.” Judge—“Upon the window-sole! Well, keep him up—keep him up, I say, sir, till I pronounce judgment upon him.” It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter; and that the incorrigible

man, while held in durance on the window-sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at the bar.



## LESSON 11.

### *Kosciusco.*

A Polish regiment, forming part of the advanced guard of the Russian army, after expelling the French from Troyes, marched upon Fontainebleau. The troops were foraging in a neighbouring village, and were about to commit disorders, which would have caused considerable loss to the proprietors, without benefit to themselves; such as piercing the banks, or forcing the sluices of some fish-ponds. While they were thus employed, and their officers looking on, they were astonished to hear the word of command, bidding them to cease, pronounced in their own language, by a person in the dress of the upper class of peasants. They ceased their attempts at farther spoliation, and drew near the stranger. He represented to the troops the useless mischief they were about to commit, and ordered them to withdraw. The officers coming up were lectured in their turn, and heard, with some astonishment, the laws of predatory warfare explained to them. "When I had a command in the army, of which your regiment is a part, I punished very severely such acts, as you seem to authorize by your presence; and it is not on those soldiers, but on

you, that punishment would have fallen." To be thus tutored by a French farmer, in their own language, in such circumstances, and in such terms, was almost past endurance. They beheld the peasants, at the same time, taking off their hats, and surrounding the speaker, as if to protect him in case of violence; while the oldest among their own soldiers, anxiously gazing on the features of the stranger, were seized with a kind of involuntary trembling. Conjured more peremptorily to disclose his quality and his name, the peasant, drawing his hand across his eyes, to wipe off a starting tear, exclaimed, with a half-stifled voice, "I am Kosciusco!" The movement was electric; the soldiers threw down their arms; and, falling prostrate on the ground, according to the custom of their country, covered their heads with sand. It was the prostration of the heart. On Kosciusco's return to his house, in the neighbourhood of this scene, he found a Russian military post established to protect it. The Emperor Alexander, having learned from M. de la Harpe that Kosciusco resided in that country, ordered for him a guard of honour; and the country around his dwelling escaped all plunder and contribution.



## LESSON 12.

### *Instances of Pride.*

Demetrius, one of Alexander's successors, who considered vain pomp and superb magnificence as true grandeur, rendered himself contemptible to the Macedonians



in the very circumstance by which he thought to obtain their esteem. His head was enriched with the novelty of a double diadem, and his robes seemed fitter for a stage than a court. The ornaments of his feet were altogether extraordinary; and he had long employed artists to make him a mantle, on which the system of the world, with all the stars visible in the firmament, were to be embroidered in gold. The change of his fortune prevented the finishing of this work, which remained for ages after a monument of his pride, and the modesty of his successors, who neither wore it, nor so much as suffered it to be completed. But that which rendered him still more odious, was his being so difficult of approach. He was either so proud and disdainful, as not to allow those who had any affairs to transact with him the liberty of speech; or else he treated them with so much rudeness, as obliged them to quit his presence with disgust. He suffered the Athenian ambassadors to wait two whole years before he gave them audience; and one day, when he came out of his palace, and seemed to have more affability than was usual for him to assume, some persons were encouraged to present a few petitions to him. He received them with a gracious air, and placed them in one of the folds of his robe; but as he was passing over a bridge on the river Axius, he threw all these petitions into the stream. A prince must certainly know very little of mankind, not to be sensible that such a contemptuous behaviour is sufficient to provoke his subjects to revolt from his authority. This proved to be the case with regard to Demetrius; for his pride and insolence

rendering his government insupportable, he was expelled the throne.

Menecrates, the physcian, who was so mad as to fancy himself Jupiter, wrote to Philip, king of Macedon, as follows:—"Menecrates Jupiter to Philip, greeting." The king answered, "Philip to Menecrates, health and reason." But the king, who understood railery, and was very fond of it when well applied, did not stop here, but hit upon a pleasant remedy for his visionary correspondent. Philip invited him to a grand entertainment. Menecrates had a separate table at it, where nothing was served up to him but incense and perfume, whilst the other guests fed upon the most delicious dainties. The first transports of joy with which he was seized, when he found his divinity acknowledged, made him forget that he was a man; but hunger afterwards forcing him to recollect his being so, he was quite tired with the character of Jupiter, and took leave of the company abruptly.

One day when Alcibiades was boasting of his wealth, and the great estates in his possession, (which generally blow up the pride of young people of quality,) Socrates carried him to a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It was so small it could scarcely be discerned upon that draught; he found it, however, though with some difficulty. But upon being desired to point out his own estate there; it is too small, says he, to be distinguished in so little a space. See then, replied Socrates, how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land! This reasoning might have been urged much

farther still. For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to Europe, Europe to the whole world, and the world itself to the vast extent of the infinite orbs which surround it! What an insect, what a nothing, is the most powerful prince of the earth in the midst of this abyss of bodies and immense spaces, and how little of it does he occupy!

LESSON 13.

*Honour.*

The Spanish historians relate a memorable instance of honour and regard to truth. A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, (giving him half a peach,) "you now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learnt from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power.

He mentioned this to no one ; but, as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son, his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far while the night can cover you, you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood ; but God is just and good, and I thank him I am innocent of your's ; and that my faith given is preserved."

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#### LESSON 14.

##### *Examples of Filial Affection.*

T. Manlius, the Roman dictator, having exercised great violence and cruelty over the citizens, was cited, at the expiration of his office, to answer for his conduct. Among other things that were laid to his charge, he was accused of treating with barbarity one of his own sons. Manlius, it seems, had no other cause of complaint against his son than his having an impediment in his speech. For this reason he was banished far from the city, from his home, and the company of those of his own age and fortune, and condemned to servile works, and a prison like a slave. All were highly exasperated against so severe a dictator, and so inhuman a father, except the son himself, who, moved with filial piety, and

under the greatest concern that he should furnish matter of accusation against his father, resolved upon a most extraordinary method to relieve him. One morning, without apprising any body, he came to the city armed with a dagger, and went directly to the house of the tribune Pomponius, who had accused his father. Pomponius was yet in bed. He sent up his name, and was immediately admitted by the tribune, who did not doubt but he was come to discover to him some new instances of his father's severity. After they had saluted each other, young Manlius desired a private conference; and as soon as he saw himself alone with the tribune, he drew out his dagger, presented it to his breast, and declared he would stab him that moment, if he did not swear in the form he should dictate, "Never to hold the assembly of the people for accusing his father." Pomponius, who saw the dagger glittering at his breast, himself alone without arms, and attacked by a robust young man, full of a bold confidence in his own strength, took the oath demanded of him, and afterwards confessed, with a kind of complacency in the thing, and a sincerity which sufficiently argued he was not sorry for what he had done, that it was that violence which obliged him to desist from his enterprize.

Among the incredible number of persons who were proscribed under the second triumvirate of Rome, were the celebrated orator Cicero, and his brother Quintus. When the news of the proscription was brought to them, they endeavoured to make their escape to Brutus in Macedon. They travelled together some time, mutually

condoling their bad fortune ; but as their departure had been very precipitate, and they were not furnished with money and other necessaries for their voyage, it was agreed that Cicero should make what haste he could to the sea-side to secure their passage, and Quintus returned home to make more ample provision.

But, as in most houses, there were as many informers as domestics, his return was immediately known, and the house of course filled with soldiers and assassins. Quintus concealed himself so effectually, that the soldiers could not find him; enraged at their disappointment, they put his son to the torture, in order to make him discover the place of his father's concealment; but filial affection was proof in the young Roman against the most exquisite torments. An involuntary sigh, and sometimes a deep groan, was all that could be extorted from the generous youth. His agonies were increased; but with amazing fortitude he still persisted in his resolution of not betraying his father.

Quintus was not far off, and the reader may imagine, better than can be expressed, how the heart of a father must have been affected with the sighs and groans of a son expiring in tortures to save his life. He could bear it no longer; but quitting the place of his concealment, he presented himself to the assassins, begging them, with a flood of tears, to put him to death, and dismiss the innocent child, whose generous behaviour the triumvirs themselves, if informed of the fact, would judge worthy of the highest approbation and reward. But the inhuman monsters, without being the least affected

with the tears either of the father or the son, answered, that they both must die; the father because he was proscribed, and the son because he had concealed his father. Then a new contest of tenderness arose who should die first; but this the assassins soon decided, by beheading them both at the same time.

The conduct of young Appius, during the proscription above mentioned, is worthy of being recorded. His father, Appius, aged and infirm, seeing himself proscribed, did not think that what remained of a languishing life was worth the pains of preserving, and was willing to wait for the murderers quietly at his own house. He could not, however, resist the pressing instances and zeal of his son, who took him on his shoulders, and loaded with this precious burden, went through the city unknown to some, and commanding the respect of others by the beauty of so commendable and generous an action. As soon as they got out of Rome, the son, sometimes assisting his father to walk, and sometimes carrying him, when the fatigue was too great, conducted him to the sea, and conveyed him safe into Sicily. The people preserved the remembrance of this affectionate conduct; and on his return to Rome, after the triumvirs had put a stop to the proscription, all the tribes unanimously concurred in raising him to the ædileship. But the goods of his father having been confiscated, he had not money to defray the expenses of the shows belonging to that office; on which account, the artificers charged nothing for their labour, and the people taxing themselves willingly each, according to his ability, not only enabled him



to defray the expense of the usual sports, but to purchase an estate twice the value of that which he had lost.

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### LESSON 15.

#### *Examples of Honour.*

In the last German war, a captain of cavalry was appointed to procure forage; he accordingly went, at the head of his troops, to the place assigned them for the purpose;—it was a solitary valley, in which the eye perceived nothing but clusters of trees. At last the officer discovered a cottage, and knocking at the door, it was opened by an old Moravian, with a white beard.

“Father,” said the captain, “show me a field where we can procure forage.” “I will, immediately,” replied the old man. He then put himself at their head, and conducted them out of the valley. After riding for about a quarter of an hour, they arrived at a fine field of barley. “Stop,” said the officer to his guide, “this is what we want.” “Wait a little,” replied the Moravian, “and you shall be satisfied.” They then continued their progress, and at the distance of a quarter of a league they found another field of the same grain. When the soldiers had cut the corn, and remounted their horses, the officer said to his guide, “Father, you have brought us a great way unnecessarily; the first field was better than this.” “True,” replied the old man, “but that field does not belong to me!” What a noble instance of virtue? Rather than injure his neighbour’s property, the worthy Moravian sacrificed his own.



The Elizabeth, an English ship of war, would infallibly have been lost on the shoals on the coast of Florida, in 1746, had not Captain Edwards ventured into the Havannah. It was in time of war, and the port belonged to the enemy. "I come," said the captain to the governor, "to deliver up my ship, my sailors, my soldiers, and myself, into your hands: I only ask the lives of my men." "No," said the Spanish commander, "I will not be guilty of so dishonourable an action. Had we taken you in fight, in open sea, or upon our coasts, your ship would have been ours, and you would have been our prisoners. But as you are driven in by stress of weather, and are come hither for fear of being cast away, I do, and ought to forget that my nation is at war with yours. You are men, and so are we; you are in distress, and have a right to our pity. You are at liberty to unload and refit your vessel; and if you want it, you may trade in this port to pay your charges; you may then go away, and you will have a pass to carry you safe beyond the Bermudas. If, after this, you are taken, you will be a lawful prize; but at this moment, I see in Englishmen only strangers, for whom humanity claims our assistance."

#### LESSON 16.

##### *The Power of Conscience.*

A jeweller, a man of a good character, and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode,

took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watching his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot: then rifled him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his sudden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor and a judge; till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sen-

tence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often; at length he arose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. "Nor can I feel," continued he, "any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner."

We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

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## CHAPTER VI.

## DIALOGUES.



## DIALOGUE I.

*The glory of a wise and peaceful King preferable to that of an unjust Conqueror.*

*Romulus.* You have been a long time in coming to the shades; you have had a surprising long reign.

*Numa Pompilius.* The reason is, it has been very peaceable. The means of arriving at a good old age upon a throne is to injure nobody, not to abuse authority, and to act in such a manner, that no man may have any interest in wishing our death.

*Rom.* When one governs so moderately, he lives obscurely and dies without glory: he has the trouble of governing, and authority gives him no pleasure: it is far better to conquer, to bear down all opposition, and to aspire to immortality.

*Numa Pom.* But in what, I pray you, consists your immortality? I heard you were in the rank of the gods, quaffing nectar at the table of Jove; how happens it, then, that I find you here?

*Rom.* To speak ingenuously, the senators, grown jealous of my power, made away with me, and loaded me with honours after pulling me to pieces: they chose rather to invoke me as a god, than obey me as their king.

*Numa Pom.* How! there was no truth in Proculus's story then?

*Rom.* Oh ! do you not know how many things the people are made to believe ?—but why say I so ? nobody knows better than you, who persuaded them that you were inspired by the nymph Egeria. Proculus seeing the people exasperated at my death, was willing to soothe them by a fable. Men love to be deceived : flattery assuages the greatest griefs.

*Numa Pom.* All your immortality then was only some mortal stabs.

*Rom.* But I have had altars, priests, victims, and incense.

*Numa Pom.* That incense is no sort of balsam : you are nothing the less here, a vain and impotent shadow, without hopes of ever seeing again the light of day. You see, then, that there is nothing so solidly advantageous as being good, just, moderate, and beloved by one's people : for, provided a person lives long, and is always in peace, he has no incense indeed, and does not pass for immortal ; but he enjoys good health, reigns without disturbance, and does a great deal of good to the people he governs.

*Rom.* You, who lived so long, were not young when you were crowned.

*Numa Pom.* I was forty years old, and that was my happiness : had I begun to reign sooner, I had been without experience and without wisdom exposed to all my passions. Power is too dangerous a thing when one is young and fiery : and of that you had fatal experience, by killing your brother when you were in a passion, which made you insupportable to all your citizens.

*Rom.* To have lived so long, you must have had a strong and faithful guard about you.

*Numa Pom.* So far from that, the first thing I did was to part with those three hundred guards you had selected, which were called Celeres. A man, who reluctantly accepts royalty, who does not choose it but for the public good, and would be content to resign it, is not afraid of death like a tyrant. For my part, I thought I did the Romans a favour in governing them : I lived poor, to make the people rich ; all the neighbouring nations would have wished to be under my conduct. In this situation, what occasion had I for guards ? As for me, a poor mortal, it was nobody's interest to bestow on me the immortality of which the senate thought you worthy. My guard was the affection of the citizens, who regarded me as their father. May not a king trust his life to a people, which trusts him with their property, their peace, their preservation ?—the confidence is equal on both sides.

*Rom.* To hear you talk, one would imagine you had been king contrary to your inclination : but you deceived the people in that, as you imposed on them in the affair of religion.

*Numa Pom.* They came and brought me out of my retirement at Cures ; at first I represented, that I was by no means fit to govern a warlike people, accustomed to conquests ; that they would need a Romulus, always ready to vanquish : I added, that Tatius's death and your's made me not over ambitious of succeeding those two kings ; in short, I represented that I had

never been at war : they persisted in desiring me : I yielded : but I always lived poor, plain, moderate in the royalty, without preferring myself to any citizen. I so united the two nations of the Sabines and Romans, that they cannot now be distinguished. I revived the golden age ; all the nations not only adjacent to Rome, but even throughout Italy, tasted the plenty I every where diffused : agriculture, brought into repute, civilized the savage people, and attached them to their country, without giving them a restless passion to invade the lands of their neighbours.

*Rom.* Such peace and plenty only serve to puff up a people, to render them stubborn to their sovereign, and effeminate in themselves ; insomuch that they are never able to support the toils and dangers of war. Had any power come to attack you, what would you have done ; you who had never seen any thing of war ? You must have told the enemy to stay till you had consulted the nymph.

*Numa Pom.* If I did not know to make war like you, I knew how to avoid it, and to get myself respected and beloved by all my neighbours. I gave the Romans laws, which, by making them just, laborious, and sober, will render them for ever sufficiently formidable to any who would wish to attack them. I still greatly fear that they retain too much of the spirit of rapine and violence which you had inculcated into them.

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## DIALOGUE 2.

*Cornelia and Campanian Lady.*

Cornelia, a lady of distinguished rank among the Romans, was rendered still more eminent by her virtues. She lost her husband early, who left her two sons, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, to whose education she devoted the principal part of her time, in the bloom of life. By the noble principles of freedom and true patriotism, with which she inspired them, they became the defenders of the liberty of the people, against the usurpations of the nobles, or patricians; and both lost their lives in civil tumults. They excelled in all the polite accomplishments and learning of their age, were adorned with many virtues, but were hurried on to their lamented fate, by an intemperate zeal, which required the restraints of prudence and moderation. The following conversation is supposed to have passed between this lady and a fair Campanian, devoted to pleasure and the love of trifles. The sentiments of each display the contrast of their respective characters, and place the chaste matron, occupied in forming the minds of her children, in a very superior point of view, to the mere woman of fashion.

*Cornelia reading: the Campanian Lady enters the room, attended by a slave, carrying a casket.*

*Campanian.* Good morning to you, my dear Cornelia. I have been calling on several of my friends, to show them a fine set of jewels, with which my husband has lately presented me, and I could not resolve to return



home, till I had brought them for your approbation. They are very valuable, and set in the newest taste; you must admire them, or I shall be half angry with you. Slave, open the box, place the casket on the table, dispose the jewels in order, and retire.

*Cornelia.* They are very beautiful indeed; the lustre of the diamonds is exquisite: but they will receive new beauties, when set off by the grace of the lovely wearer. I thank you for the pleasure of such an agreeable sight; and cannot but admire the productions of nature, wherever she displays her powers: whether we gaze upon the splendors of a spangled sky, or explore the recesses of the dark mine, we are equally beset with wonders, and our eye gratified by the contemplation of new objects, far more excellent in their colour, form, and texture, than the finest works of art.

*Cam.* How grave you are! away with your reflections; I did not come for a philosophical disquisition, but that you might flatter me that my jewels were well chosen. The compliments of a person of your distinguished taste, would afford me more satisfaction than the approbation of half the town. I have no time to consider where, or how they were produced. They are mine now, and my thoughts are wholly engrossed by the pleasure of excelling every rival; none of my friends will stand in competition with me. I long for the next public assembly, when I shall outshine every body.—But I am running on without consideration; forgive my impertinence, perhaps your jewels are equally worthy of admiration. Will you favour me with a sight of them?

*Cor.* With pleasure; nor do I fear to stand the test, as I think my own much superior, and have not the smallest apprehension that their value will be diminished by the comparison. Excuse my retiring for a few minutes, and I will bring them.

*Cam.* I wonder what she is going to display. I never heard that she possessed any jewels. She has not even a pretence to taste in dress; were her ornaments ever so elegant, she would not know how to put them on. She can have nothing but a few trumpery beads: how can she think of comparing them with jewels of such exquisite value and beauty as these!

*Cornelia returns, leading her two sons, one in each hand.*

*Cor.* Behold my dress, my jewels, my chief ornaments! which I would not exchange for all the diamonds of the eastern mines; here I have no competitor, but shine unrivalled. Maternal feeling animates my mind beyond the love of personal attractions. My time, my attention, my best faculties are all occupied in the delightful task of forming their young minds to the practice of virtue, and the love of knowledge. Already they amply repay my cares, by their obedience and affection, and the dawning of those great qualities, which I fondly hope will one day render them illustrious citizens, glowing with the love of their country, and devoting their talents to its service; ready to sacrifice their dearest interests, nay, their very lives, if necessary, to the defence of its laws and liberties.

## DIALOGUE 3.

*Abdolonymus.*

Adversity and prosperity, especially when there is a sudden transition from the one to the other, equally require fortitude and magnanimity. A wise man will neither suffer his mind to be greatly depressed by the former, nor highly lifted up by the latter. Knowing the uncertainty of human affairs, and that he who is unfortunate to-day, may be prosperous to-morrow, he is fitted to bear either with calmness and self-possession. Abdolonymus gave a memorable example of this great way of thinking, in both extremes, as the following dialogue will show.

*Several Citizens assembled in a Public Square in Sidon.*

*First Citizen.* Fellow citizens! have you heard whom the victorious Alexander has destined to rule over us, instead of our late unfortunate king?

*Second Citizen.* I thought every one had known, that our fate depends upon the will of his beloved friend and favourite, Hephæstion, to whom he has given permission to bestow the crown on any Sidonian he judges worthy to wear it. Fame says, that he intends to present it to those two noble youths, at whose house he is entertained.

*Third Citizen.* But they are not of the blood royal, and it is contrary to the laws of Sidon, that any other family should ascend the throne.

*First Citizen.* Conquerors seldom regard the laws of those whom they have vanquished. "Let us rejoice that Alexander does not intend to place a stranger over us, ignorant of our customs, and the spirit of our constitution ; but that he is willing to give us a king from among our fellow-citizens.

*Whilst they are conversing, another Citizen joins them.*

*Fourth Citizen.* Hephæstion has offered the crown to his two noble hosts, but like true patriots, they disdain to accept the splendid present, on conditions contrary to the laws of their country ; which exalted manner of thinking has so delighted him, that he has empowered them to name a person of the royal family to this high dignity.—It will not be easy to guess on whom their choice is fallen : virtue is the only requisite they have sought in this election. They have passed by the ambitious and the great, and have named Abdolonymus the gardener, who has been reduced by his integrity and uprightness to extreme poverty. They are now gone to inform him of his elevation to the throne. As he is a man of great moderation and simplicity of manners, it is doubted whether he will accept it. I am impatient to hear the result of this extraordinary adventure. Let us go and acquaint ourselves with his determination.

*Abdolonymus at work in a garden : the two noble Sidonians approach him with the robes and insignia of royalty.*

*Elder Youth.* We are come at the command of Hephæstion, the favourite of the mighty Alexander, to

offer you the crown of your ancestors. You must now exchange your tatters for these royal robes. Put off the mean and contemptible habit, which has so long concealed your virtues, and assume the sentiments and manners of a prince. But when you are firmly seated on the throne, be not unmindful of your former condition; preserve the same integrity and love of moderation that has distinguished you in your obscurity, and which will equally adorn a more elevated rank. The happiness of your countrymen will depend upon your administration of their government. Rule with justice and impartiality. Be rather the father than the sovereign of your people; and may your reign be long and prosperous!

*Abdolonymus.* What have I done to provoke these insults? Is there any thing disgraceful in poverty, when unaccompanied with base conduct? The labour of my hands has hitherto supplied me with the necessaries of life, and preserved me from a servile state of dependence. Had I not preferred this, and integrity, to every other consideration, I should not now have been the object of your scorn.

*Second Youth.* We are not come to insult you, but admire your disinterestedness and love of independence. We are sent by Hephæstion, to inform you, that he has chosen you from among all the Sidonians, to fill the vacant throne. Doubt no longer of our sincerity; but prepare yourself to accompany us, and take possession of that seat to which your eminent virtues give you so just a title.

*Abdolonymus.* This is too surprising. I cannot persuade myself that you are serious.

*First Youth.* We solemnly declare that we have told you the truth. Hesitate no longer; but rely on our honour.—We must compel you to put on these robes.

*[Abdolonymus reluctantly complies.]*

*Abdolonymus.* How wonderful are the ways of Providence! I submit to its decrees, and am ready to follow you, though I leave my garden and rural occupations with regret. Beloved retreat! I shall never enjoy the same peace and satisfaction that thou hast afforded me.

*Alexander, attended by Hephæstion and his Nobles.*

*Alexander.* Have you given orders that the newly elected king be brought before me. I am curious to observe with what temper of mind he bears this change of fortune.

*The two Sidonian Youths come in, and introduce Abdolonymus to Alexander.*

*Alexander.* Welcome, Abdolonymus. Thy air and mien do not contradict what is related of thy extraction; but I should like to hear from thyself, with what resolution thou hast supported thy poverty.

*Abdolonymus.* May the powers above give me fortitude to bear this crown with equal patience. These hands have procured me all I wanted; and whilst I possessed nothing, I wanted nothing.

*Alexander.* Such a noble mind shows thee capable of bearing thy dignity with moderation. Hephæstion, let a part of the Persian spoil, and the treasures of Syria, be added to our gifts; and unite one of the neighbouring provinces to the Sidonian dominions. To bestow kingdoms on those whose magnanimity deserves them, is the highest privilege of my extensive power.

## DIALOGUE 4.

*Citizens of Calais.*

The following scene passed in the camp of Edward the Third, at the siege of Calais, and needs no illustration, by any previous reflections.

*King Edward, the Black Prince his son, Sir Walter Manny, St. Pierre, and the other citizens of Calais, with ropes about their necks.*

*King Edward.* Manny, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?

*Manny.* They are, my liege, if virtue can give dignity, or render men noble.

*King Edward.* Was there no commotion? did they yield themselves peaceably?

*Manny.* They made no resistance, my liege, but came, self-devoted, to save their country. Could you have beheld the affecting scene that I have witnessed, it would have moved your noble heart to compassion. Your message was delivered in the public square, amidst the citizens assembled, their hearts throbbing with dreadful expectation. When your determination was made known, amazement and despair filled every countenance, and solemn silence was for some time uninterrupted by any thing but sighs and groans. At length the noble St. Pierre, ascending a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: Friends and fellow citizens! behold the situation to which we are reduced. We must either yield up our tender infants to be destroyed, our wives and children to the bloody and brutal insults of the soldiery, or we must comply with the conditions of our cruel

conqueror; doubly cruel, because he lays a deep snare, for our virtue;—he wishes to render us criminal and contemptible. He will grant us life upon no other condition but that of our being unworthy of it. Look around you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here that has not watched for you, fought for you, and bled for you? Would you devote your defenders to destruction? those who have freely exposed their lives to the preservation of you and yours? You will not, cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible. What expedient have we left to avoid guilt and shame, or the horrors of a city given up to the sack of an enemy? There is still one path open to honour and virtue.—Which of you is willing to give a noble example of sacrificing his life to save his country?

*Prince Edward.* Was there any one among them possessed of such an heroic spirit, as voluntarily to make that offer?

*Manny.* After a short pause St. Pierre resumed his discourse:—It were base and unmanly in me to propose any injury to others, of which I am unwilling to partake; but being desirous of yielding the first place of honour to any citizen whose worth and patriotism should induce him to claim it; as I doubt not but there are many among you, willing to become martyrs in this noble cause, although they may be restrained by modesty, and the fear of appearing ostentatious, I delayed offering myself up—



on this occasion. Unhappily the captivity of Count Vienne has placed me in a situation that gives me a title to stand foremost in this sacrifice. I give my life freely. I give it cheerfully. Who comes next? Your son, replied a youth, not yet come to maturity. Ah, my child! exclaimed St. Pierre, I shall then die twice; but no, I will rather consider thee as born a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost goal of mortality. Who next? my friends, this is the hour of heroes. Your kinsman, cried John de Aire. Your kinsman, cried James Wissant. Your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant.

*Prince Edward.* Why was not I a citizen of Calais?

*Manny.* A sixth was still wanting; but there were so many claimants for this distinction, that I was obliged to have recourse to lots. The scene of parting from wives and children that followed, was too affecting for description: the air resounded with lamentations. Their fellow citizens clung about St. Pierre and the rest of their deliverers. They fell prostrate before them; they groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp. At length they embraced for the last time, and took an eternal farewell of each other. They resigned themselves to my guidance, and I have conducted them hither through the universal acclamations of the soldiers, who cannot refuse the tribute of praise to such heroic virtue, even in enemies.

*Prince Edward.* They deserve reward instead of punishment, my noble father! Extend your royal mercy;

save these heroes; your clemency will gain you more true honour than all your victories.

*King Edward.* My son, the tenderness of your disposition leads you into weakness. Experience hath ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary, to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, lead these men to execution. (*To St. Pierre.*) Your rebellion against me, the natural heir of the crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.

*St. Pierre.* We have nothing to ask of your majesty, but what you cannot refuse us.

*King Edward.* What may that be?

*St. Pierre.* Your respect and esteem. [*Exeunt.*

[*A shout heard in the camp.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messenger.* The Queen is arrived, and has brought a reinforcement with her, of those gallant troops with which she has conquered Scotland.

*King Edward.* Manny, go out and receive her.

*Manny.* With pleasure shall I perform that office.

[*He goes out and returns with the Queen.*]

*King Edward.* Most welcome, my dear Philippa; welcome at all times; but thy return at this moment is particularly so. Thy victorious conquest of Scotland endears thee to my heart. I also have subdued my rebellious subjects, the proud citizens of Calais. They have just opened their gates to me, and I am going to make an example of six of the principal inhabitants.

*Queen.* I am indeed arrived in a fortunate moment, as I have a petition to make, which respects the honour of the English nation, the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.—You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the performance of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. They have behaved themselves worthily—they have behaved themselves like true patriots. I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, but that of granting a poor and indispensable pardon. I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and powerful of your enemies. They alone withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore thus that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires? that you would indulge their ambition? and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?

But, if such a death would exalt simple citizens over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished by it! Would it not be said, that magnanimity and virtue are grown contemptible in the eyes of Britain's monarch? and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind. The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward: a reproach to

his conquests: a dark and indelible disgrace to his name. No, my Lord, let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death, by which their glory would be consummate, let us load them with gifts; let us put them to shame with praises; we shall by that means deprive them of that popularity which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

*King Edward.* I am convinced. You have prevailed. You have saved my honour; and are dearer to me than ever.—Prevent the execution. Have them instantly before us. [*Sir Walter Manny goes out, and returns with Eustace St. Pierre, and his companions.*]

*Queen.* Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, you have put us to a vast expence of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance: but you acted according to the dictates of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue by which we have been so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You, noble burghers; you, excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation, which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, or title, or station; that virtue gives a

dignity superior to that of kings ; and that those, whom the Almighty inspires with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed ; provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation ; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

*St. Pierre.* Ah ! my country, it is now that I tremble for thee. Edward could only win thy cities ; but Philippa conquers hearts.

*Queen.* Brave St. Pierre, wherefore look you so dejected ?

*St. Pierre.* Ah ! Madam, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.

*Queen.* The consciousness of your virtuous intentions will afford a recompense equal to the glory of an illustrious death ; and your name will be transmitted to posterity with the applause due to the most disinterested of citizens. Return to your country and admiring friends, and serve them as much by your counsel, as you have already done by your magnanimity. Tell them how you have been entertained ; unite them to us by the ties of friendship and esteem ; and gain us the hearts of those who have been disaffected. This is the only token of gratitude that we require. Farewell.

## DIALOGUE 5.

*Belisarius and Gelimer.*

The rewards of virtue are of a nature that depend not upon outward circumstances. The world can neither give that peace to a good man that arises from conscious rectitude, nor by any power wrest it from him: whether he be prosperous or unfortunate, with respect to the affairs of this life, he has still a large share of happiness. Reflection on the years of his life that are past, gives him satisfaction; and if he looks forward to a future state of existence, the transitory troubles of his present state appear trifling, when compared with the joys of an endless immortality.

*A Village. Belisarius, old and blind, conducted by a boy.*

*Belisarius.* Child, I am weary, and the evening draws on apace; seek some hospitable asylum, where I may pass the night, and enjoy a little repose from my fatigues: but carefully avoid saying any thing that shall make known who I am; the sight of me in this forlorn situation may awaken indignation, that I should be sorry to excite.

*Boy.* There is a house before us, inviting from its appearance, which is neither too mean nor magnificent to afford hospitality to the wretched. I will apply there. *(Goes up to the gate: the master enters, with a spade in his hand.)*

*Master.* Venerable stranger! your looks affect me; whom do you seek in this place?

*Belisarius.* I am an old soldier, worn out with service, returning to my family, who anxiously expect me at some distance. Fatigued with travelling, I seek the hospitality of a night's lodging: I hope the refreshment of a little sleep will enable me to pursue my journey to-morrow.

*Master.* Go no further in search of a lodging; you shall be welcome to pass the night here. I respect the profession of a soldier; but what a recompense have you received! to be thus exposed in your old age, blind and helpless, to all the miseries of poverty.

*Belisarius.* Alas! are sovereigns to be blamed, because they cannot reward all those who spill their blood in their service?

*Master.* Your patience in suffering bespeaks true courage. Be not ashamed of poverty and misfortune, in a family which has been long acquainted with the vicissitudes of human life. Tell me, if you please, in what wars you have served.

*Belisarius.* I served in the war of Italy, against the Goths; in that of Asia, against the Persians; and also in that of Africa, against the Vandals and the Moors.

*Master (sighing deeply.)* Then you have attended Belisarius in all his campaigns?

*Belisarius.* We were never separated.

*Master.* What an excellent man! what uprightness! what firmness! what greatness of sentiment! Is he yet alive? for during the last twenty years that I have lived in this solitude, I know nothing of what passes in the world.



*Belisarius.* He is still living.

*Master.* May heaven bless him and prolong his days.

*Belisarius.* If he heard the vows you make for him, he would be much affected by them.

*Master.* How is his influence at court? still beloved, respected, and esteemed? Doubtless he rules the same empire by his counsel, that he formerly defended by his valour.

*Belisarius.* Envy always attends prosperity. Courts are surrounded by flatterers, whose baneful influence blasts the reputation of those whose success excites their jealousy.

*Master.* Ah! let the emperor beware of listening to such sycophants, if they suggest any thing against that great man. He is the protector and avenger of his empire.

*Belisarius.* He is very old now, and past being useful.

*Master.* His wisdom and experience, if attended to, will be as valuable to his country, as his activity and courage have been.

*Belisarius.* How came you so well acquainted with him?

*Master.* A reply to your question will lead me to the recital of my own misfortunes, and show how much I ought to feel for the lot of the unhappy. If you made the campaign of Africa, you must have seen the unfortunate Gelimer, king of the Vandals, led in triumph, with his wife and family, by Belisarius, at Constantinople. It is that Gelimer who has given you an asylum, and with whom you now converse.



*Belisarius.* You Gelimer! and has not the emperor provided for you more suitably to your rank? He promised he would.

*Gelimer.* He kept his promise. He offered me dignities, which I refused. When one has been a king, obscurity and repose are the only consolations.

*Belisarius.* You Gelimer!

*Gelimer.* Yes, I am the man who was besieged, as you may remember, on the mountain of Papua, where I endured the greatest misery, winter, famine, and the dreadful spectacle of a whole nation reduced to despair, ready to devour their wives and children, by the indefatigable vigilance of the good Pharas, who, whilst he besieged me, conjured me to take pity on myself, and compassionate my unhappy people. At length my just confidence in the virtue of your general, induced me to lay down my arms. With what a modest and simple air did he receive me. He even seemed affected with my misfortunes; and caused me to be treated with the greatest respect. I have lived six lustres in this retirement; and I have never missed offering my daily prayers for his happiness.

*Belisarius.* I well remember, that the same philosophy, which sustained you under your sufferings on the mountain, supplied you with courage to smile with disdain, when you appeared before Belisarius; and enabled you, on the day you were led in triumph, to preserve an unalterable countenance, which astonished the Emperor.

*Gelimer.* Our constancy of mind depends greatly upon the light in which circumstances appear. I never

possessed true courage or constancy, till I considered these things as the uncertain baubles of fortune. I have been the most voluptuous of kings; and I passed from my own palace, where I was devoted to the enjoyment of every luxurious effeminacy, to the caverns of the mountains, where my bed was straw, and my food black barley-bread; reduced to such excess of misery, that a loaf, sent me by the enemy, from compassion, was an inestimable present. My next sufferings were to be put in chains, and led in triumph. After this you must confess there is no medium between dying of grief, or rising above the caprices of fortune.

*Belisarius.* Your wisdom affords you many motives for consolation; but before we part, I promise to give you a new one. It is now time to retire to rest.

*Morning. Belisarius leaning on his guide, ready to set out on his journey. Gelimer comes in.*

*Gelimer.* I was coming to enquire how you had rested; and am surprised to meet you thus prepared to leave me. Will you not give me a few days of your company?

*Belisarius.* I am in haste to reach home. My wife and daughter lament my absence; and every hour that I am detained increases their uneasiness. Do not reveal what I am going to tell you. This poor blind man, this old soldier—Belisarius himself—will never forget the reception you have given him.

*Gelimer.* What do you say? Who is Belisarius?

*Belisarius.* It is Belisarius that embraces you.

*Gelimer.* Just heaven will avenge the ingratitude: Belisarius, blind and destitute, abandoned in his old age.

*Belisarius.* The greatest cruelty was giving me up to the power of my enemies, who began to abuse it, by depriving me of sight.

*Gelimer.* Ah! is that possible! And who are the monsters capable of such injustice?

*Belisarius.* The envious: they accused me of aspiring to the throne, when I thought only of sinking into the grave. Their calumnies were believed. I was put in irons. My fate affected the people. They revolted, and demanded my deliverance. It was necessary to comply with their importunity. I was set at liberty; but not till they had taken the cruel precaution of putting out my eyes, to render me incapable of mischief.

*Gelimer.* And did Justinian consent to this?

*Belisarius.* That circumstance affected me the most deeply. He signed the decree with his own hand. You know with what zeal and fidelity I served him. I love him still, and pity him for being surrounded by a crowd of sycophants, who abuse the goodness of his heart. It is over—and I have only a few miserable days remaining to be blind and poor.

*Gelimer.* Deign to pass them with me.—

*Belisarius.* It would afford me consolation to do so; but I owe them to my family. I hasten to expire in the midst of it. Adieu! adieu!

*Gelimer.* I part with you most reluctantly; but since it is unavoidable—farewell. (*Still looking after him.*) O Prosperity, who can confide in thee? since the hero, the true patriot, the wise, the just Belisarius, experiences thy fickle inconstancy.

## DIALOGUE 6.

*Solon and Cræsus.*

*Cræsus, Demophoon, Phantias, and other Courtiers.*

*Cræsus.* I am impatient for the arrival of Solon. He is celebrated for wisdom. His fame extends over all Greece, and I am ambitious of the applause of such a philosopher.

*Demophoon.* His arrival is hourly expected. He will probably be here presently; and there can be no doubt of his approbation of a king, whose fortune is so splendid, and whose princely munificence attracts the esteem of every beholder.

*Phantias.* What monarch can vie with you in the magnificence of his palaces, the richness of his furniture, the brilliancy of his jewels, or the number of his treasures?

*Cræsus.* Few kings, indeed, can boast of such happiness as mine. Let every thing be put in order against his arrival, and my treasures displayed to the best advantage, that he may see and admire, and acknowledge that there is no mortal whose state can be compared with mine.

*Phantias.* I shall be curious to observe his surprise and wonder at the magnificent objects that will call for his attention, especially as they will be new and unusual to him. The simplicity of a republic affords no spectacle comparable to the brilliancy of a court.

*Demophoon.* And Greece cannot produce a court, that dare boast of any pretension to equal our royal master's, either for riches or elegance; therefore, be assured of obtaining his decided preference.

*Phanias.* Every thing that can delight and please contributes to render your life happy. Grandeur, power, and a fortunate concurrence of successful events, have rendered you the most blest of monarchs ; and doubtless you will ever remain the distinguished favourite of Heaven, crowned with the possession of all human enjoyment, during the course of a long life ; at the end of which you will pass into the habitation of gods and heroes, and be numbered among the deities.

*Demophoon.* Temples will be raised to your honour, and the numerous victims, that will smoke upon your altars, will show the gratitude of mankind, at the remembrance of your happy reign.

*Enter Solon, plainly dressed, conducted by a Lydian Courtier.*

*Courtier.* Solon, the wisest of Grecian philosophers, is come to throw himself at your feet, to acknowledge that you are the greatest of kings, and that you excel all mortals in felicity.

*Solon.* Answer for yourself ; but beware of declaring the sentiments of another, with whose character you are unacquainted. I am not come to offer the tribute of adulation and flattery, but to declare those truths that may be beneficial to those who stand in need of them.

*Croesus.* Solon, your obedience to our summons is an agreeable mark of your respect. We have heard much of your wisdom, and wish to obtain your approbation and esteem.

*Solon.* Virtue is the only possession that has a just title to esteem ; and from that, it cannot be withheld, whether it appear in a monarch or a peasant.

*Croesus.* But you cannot refuse your approbation to the blessings of prosperity. Visit my treasury, the repository of my riches, it blazes with gold and diamonds; they are arranged in the most advantageous order; they claim your admiration: and when you have seen them, return, and tell me if you have known any mortal happier than I am. Phantias, be it your office to conduct Solon through all the apartments of my palace; let nothing be omitted. Show him every object that can convince him of the magnificence of my possessions.

*Phantias.* Rely upon my assiduity: I shall not fail to point out every thing worthy his attention.

*Solon.* Great king, I obey, and shall follow my conductor wherever you think proper to direct; but expect no unmanly compliance from Solon. I am accustomed to speak nothing but plain truth, which may be disagreeable to royal ears. I will answer your questions with sincerity, and give you my real sentiments, which is the most unequivocal token of my esteem and regard.

[*Exit Solon and Phantias.*]

*Croesus.* This philosopher has attained great reputation for wisdom and prudence; but he seems wholly unacquainted with the polished manners of a court.

*Demophoon.* If he continue at Sardis we shall improve him; by degrees he will lose the blunt manner of expressing his opinions: if he is not careful to say what is agreeable, at least he will soften it by a pleasing expression.

*Croesus.* Ambassadors from Cyrus, king of Persia, demand an audience. I am going to receive them; and



when Solon has examined the vast riches of my palaces, let him be brought again into my presence, that I may then hear whether he thinks any mortal excels me in riches and happiness.

*Cræsus, Solon, Æsop, Demophoon, Phantias, &c.*

*Cræsus.* Well, Solon, you have seen all my possessions: you must now confess that I am surrounded by every thing that conduces to human felicity. In the course of your observation, have you ever seen a man whom you think happier than I am?

*Solon.* If I am to reply with sincerity, I must declare that I consider Tellus a much happier man, who, though but a simple citizen of Athens, was a character of great worth. He left a numerous family behind him to inherit his virtues; lived always in a decent mediocrity, and died gloriously, fighting for his country.

*Cræsus.* I resign the first place to Tellus; but certainly you will allot me the second. You do not know any other person who has a higher claim to happiness than I have.

*Solon.* Forgive me, if I assign that claim to Cleobis and Beton, famous for their fraternal affection, and filial piety towards their mother; for, the oxen not being ready, they put themselves in the harness, and drew her to the Temple of Juno, exulting in the dutiful conduct of her sons, and proceeding amidst the blessings of her people. After the sacrifice, they enjoyed a social repast with their friends, and then retired to peaceful slumbers, from which they never awoke, but expired without sorrow or pain, crowned with immortal glory.

*Cræsus.* Riches, honours, and power, seem to have no value in your estimation. You do not then allow us any place among the number of the happy.

*Solon.* King of Lydia, among the numerous blessings bestowed on the Greeks, a spirit of moderation, which has no taste for the splendours of royalty, is none of the least. The vicissitudes of human life instruct us not to be elated by any tide of present good fortune, or to depend upon that felicity which, from its very nature, is liable to change. Various and uncertain are the events of futurity. That man, whom Heaven blesses to the termination of his life, we esteem happy. But the felicity of him who still lives, and has the accidents of life to encounter, whatever may be his present state, appears to us no more to be depended upon than that of a champion, before the combat is determined, and while the crown is yet to be obtained; which, though it may appear almost in his possession, the next moment may deprive him of, and bestow upon his victorious opponent.

*Cræsus.* Your observations are like evil omens. I have no pleasure in hearing them; let me enjoy the present moment, without embittering it with the uncertain possibility of future events. Whilst you remain with us, if you cannot express your approbation of our happiness and prosperity, avoid reflections that are both disagreeable and useless.

[*Withdraws displeased.*]

*Demophoon.* Cræsus is retired in displeasure: he is accustomed to receive the applauses of all who approach



him, and the blunt admonitions of philosophy are unpleasant and offensive.

*Phanias.* Courts are the schools of polite adulation; and plain truth is a stranger there, that is seldom welcome.

*Æsop.* I am concerned, my dear Solon, to see that your sincerity has offended Cræsus. Truth and wisdom are not suited to those who are used to flattery and misrepresentation. Believe my experience; a man should either not converse with kings, or study to say what will please them.

*Solon.* *Æsop*, you are misled by the love of your own interest, and the influence of the example of the courtiers with whom you have associated. Flattery and falsehood may become the fawning sycophants of a court, but are unworthy the dignity of a philosopher; therefore, I say, in opposition to your remark, that a man should either not converse at all with kings, or say what is useful to them.

*An Apartment in the Palace.—Demophoon and Phanias.*

*Phanias.* Cyrus has refused all terms of accommodation; he is determined to attack the city sword in hand. The king is in the greatest alarm; he has summoned his most experienced generals; they now hold a council upon the best method of defence.

*Demophoon.* What general have we to oppose to Cyrus? Resistance is vain; we have nothing to do but to surrender ourselves, and all that we have, to this illustrious conqueror. He has passed his whole life in a

camp; is well acquainted with all the stratagems of war; and when he sits down before a town, is almost certain of taking it.

*Phanias.* Despair has seized our soldiers. They are unused to discipline, and dare not face such brave enemies.

*Demophoon.* We lose time in talking, when our royal master stands in need of our best services. He, that has always lived in the luxurious indulgence of his own palace, will be unable to sustain this reverse of fortune; let us find him, and try to console him. [*Loud shouts heard from all quarters of the city.*]

*Phanias.* What mean these shouts? I fear all is lost. I will betake myself to Cyrus, and by trusting to his clemency, perhaps save my life. Cræsus has no longer any thing to bestow; and the hour is come when every one must take care of himself.

*Enter Citizens at different doors.*

*First Citizen.* Why do you loiter here? flee, and save your lives.

*Second Citizen.* All is yielded to victorious Cyrus. He attacked the city vigorously in every quarter, and soon made a breach on the western side. Our troops fled like cowards unused to fighting. Cræsus is fallen into the hands of the enemy. The Persian soldiers approach the palace, allured by the treasures it contains: if you desire to escape their fury, you have not a moment to lose.

[*Shouts and sound of trumpets.*]

*Phanias.* Whither can I flee? to what place of security can I retreat?

*Demophoon.* Alas! alas! this trying hour convinces me that prosperity is but a bubble.

*Enter Soldiers.*

*First Soldier.* Here are two of his chief lords; we will make prisoners of them. Comrades, assist me to bind them; we will carry them to Cyrus, that they may attend their king to execution. I hear he is to suffer on a funeral pile.

*Second Soldier.* We will assist you: it does not require much force to manage such effeminate wretches as these Lydians.

*Third Soldier.* Let them follow Cyrus; he will teach them the use of their limbs by exercise. He will suffer no dastardly cowards in his army. Come, let us make haste to carry them before the king.

*An open place. Cyrus seated on a throne, surrounded by officers, guards, &c. Cræsus at a little distance, bound, and laid on a pile of wood, in order to be burnt to death.*

*Cyrus.* Although I think it necessary to make an example of Cræsus, that other kings may yield more readily to my victorious arms, I am unwilling the innocent multitude should be sacrificed to the brutal violence of the soldiery: therefore let their fury be restrained; give strict orders that they spare the people. I feel even for this pusillanimous wretch, who has always wallowed in the most unmanly luxury. What a reverse does he now experience!

*Cræsus (on the pile).* O Solon! Solon! Solon!

*Cyrus.* On whom does he call for deliverance? Solon

is a name with which I am unacquainted. Go and enquire what deity he thus invokes.

[*The messenger goes to Cræsus, and returns.*]

*Messenger.* Cræsus desires that I would inform you, it is no god that he calls upon in his extreme calamity, but one of the wise men of Greece.

*Cyrus.* I will go to him, and hear what reasons he can give for so earnestly invoking a man incapable of affording him the least succour.

*Cyrus (approaches Cræsus).* Who is this Solon, upon whom you call for help? He can give you no assistance.

*Cræsus.* Oh! that I had listened to his wise precepts, when they were offered to me. I might either have avoided my present disgrace and misery, or have learned how to bear my misfortunes with more fortitude. He is one of the wise men of Greece, whom I sent for to my court; not with a design to listen to his wisdom, or to acquire knowledge that might be useful to me, but that he might see, and extend the reputation of that glory, of which I find the loss a much greater misfortune, than the possession of it was a blessing. My exalted state was a mere external advantage—the happiness of opinion; but this sad reverse plunges me into real sufferings, and ends in my entire destruction. This was foreseen by that great man, who, forming a conjecture of the future by what he then saw, advised me to consider the end of life, and not to rely or presume upon the uncertainty of present good fortune.

*Cyrus.* His wise counsel shall not sink into oblivion, wholly disregarded. I, who am at the height of prosperi-

ty, will listen to its dictates. My present tide of success may turn. You are a striking example before my eyes of the fickleness of fortune. Soldiers, unbind him; I restore you to your liberty and kingdom, in return for the lesson you have taught me. Let Solon be informed, that his advice has saved one king, and instructed another.



## CHAP. VII.

### PROMISCUOUS PIECES.



#### LESSON 1.

#### *Sense, Taste, and Genius, distinguished.*

The human genius, with the best assistance and the finest examples, breaks forth but slowly; and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste and chaste simple conceptions of beauty. At an immature age, the sense of beauty is weak and confused, and requires an excess of colouring to catch its attention. It then prefers extravagance and rant to justness, a gross false wit to the engaging light of nature, and the shewy, rich, and glaring to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taste; but, as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity, if it be assisted by a happy education, the sense of universal beauty awakes; it begins to be disgusted with the false and mis-shapen deceptions that pleased before, and rests with delight on elegant simplicity, on pictures of easy beauty and unaffected grandeur.

The progress of the fine arts, in the human mind, may be fixed at three remarkable degrees, from their foundation to the loftiest height. The basis is a sense of beauty and of the sublime, the second step we may call taste, and the last genius.

A sense of the beautiful and of the great is universal, which appears from the uniformity thereof in the most distant ages and nations. What was engaging and sublime in ancient Greece and Rome are so at this day : and, as I observed before, there is not the least necessity of improvement or science, to discover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment. There is a fine, but an ineffectual, light in the breast of man. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus ; the beauty and vivacity of her lustre, the immense distance from which we judged her beams issued, and the silence of the night, all concurred to strike us with an agreeable amazement. But she shone in distinguished beauty, without giving sufficient light to direct our steps, or shew us the objects around us. Thus, in unimproved nature, the light of the mind is bright and useless. In utter barbarity, our prospect of it is still less fixed ; it appears, and then again seems wholly to vanish in the savage breast, like the same planet Venus, when she has but just raised her orient beams to mariners above the waves, and is now described, and now lost through the swelling billows.

The next step is taste, which consists in a distinct, unconfused knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although you see not many possessed of a good taste, yet the generality of mankind are capable of it. The very



populace of Athens had acquired a good taste by habit and fine examples, so that a delicacy of judgment seemed natural to all who breathed the air of that elegant city : we find a manly and elevated sense distinguish the common people of Rome and of all the cities of Greece, while the level of mankind was preserved in those cities ; while the plebeians had a share in the government, and an utter separation was not made between them and the nobles, by wealth and luxury. But, when once the common people are rent asunder wholly from the great and opulent, and made subservient to the luxury of the latter ; then the taste of nature infallibly takes her flight from both parties. The poor, by a sordid habit, and an attention wholly confined to mean views ; and the rich, by an attention to the changeable modes of fancy, and a vitiated preference for the rich and costly, lose view of simple beauty and grandeur.

Genius, the pride of man, as man is of the creation, has been possessed but by a few, even in the brightest ages. Men of superior genius, while they see the rest of mankind painfully struggling to comprehend obvious truths, glance themselves through the most remote consequences, like lightning through a path that cannot be traced. They see the beauties of nature with life and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort, as the morning sun does the scenes he rises upon ; and, in several instances, communicate to objects a morning freshness and unaccountable lustre, that is not seen in the creation of nature. The poet, the statuary, the painter, have produced images that left nature far behind.

## LESSON 2.

*On the Ways of Providence to Man.*

It is the province of religion to take us up where philosophy leaves us ; the nature of the ills which we endure unfolds their origin. If man renders himself unhappy, it is because he would himself be the arbiter of his own felicity. Man is a god in exile. The reign of Saturn, the golden age, Pandora's box, from which issued every evil, and at the bottom of which hope alone remained ; a thousand similar allegories, diffused over all nations, attest the felicity and the fall of a first man.

But there is no need to have recourse to foreign testimonies. We carry the most unquestionable evidence in ourselves. The beauties of Nature bear witness to the existence of God, and the miseries of man confirm the truths of religion. There exists not a single animal but what is lodged, clothed, fed, by the hand of Nature, without care, and almost without labour. Man alone, from his birth upward, is overwhelmed with calamity. First, he is born naked, and possessed of so little instinct, that, if the mother who bore him were not to rear him for several years, he would perish of hunger, of heat, or of cold.

Wretched mortals ! seek your happiness in virtue, and you will have no ground of complaint against Nature. Despise that useless knowledge, and those unreasonable prejudices, which have corrupted the earth, and which every age subverts in its turn. Love those laws which are eternal. Your destiny is not abandoned to



chance nor to mischievous demons. Recall those times, the recollection of which is still fresh among all nations. The brute creation every where found the means of supporting life; man alone had neither aliment, nor clothing, nor instinct.

Divine wisdom left man to himself, in order to bring him back to God. She scattered her blessings over the whole earth, that, in order to gather them, he might explore every different region of it; that he might expand his reason by the inspection of her works, and that he might become enamoured of her from a sense of her benefits. She placed between herself and him harmless pleasures, rapturous discoveries, pure delights, and endless hopes, in order to lead him to herself, step by step, through the path of knowledge and happiness. She fenced his way on both sides, by fear, by languor, by remorse, by pain, by all the ills of life, as boundaries destined to prevent him from wandering and losing himself. The mother thus scatters fruit along the ground to induce her child to learn to walk; she keeps at a little distance, smiles to him, calls him, stretches out her arms towards him: but, if he happens to fall, she flies to his assistance, she wipes away his tears, and comforts him.

Thus Providence interposes for the relief of man, supplying his wants in a thousand extraordinary ways. What would have become of him in the earliest ages, had he been abandoned to his own reason, still unaided by experience? Where found he corn, which at this day constitutes a principal part of the food of so many nations; and which the earth, while it spontaneously produces

all sorts of plants, no where exhibits? Who taught him agriculture, an art so simple, that the most stupid of mankind is capable of learning it; and yet so sublime, that the most intelligent of animals never can pretend to practise it? There is scarcely an animal but what supports its life by vegetables, but what has daily experience of their re-production, and which does not employ, in quest of those that suit them, many more combinations than would have been necessary for re-sowing them.

But, on what did man himself subsist, till an Isis or a Ceres revealed to him this blessing of the skies? Who shewed him, in the first ages of the world, the original fruits of the orchard scattered over the forests, and the alimentary roots concealed in the bosom of the earth? Must he not a thousand times have died of hunger, before he had collected sufficiency to support life; or of poison, before he had learned to select; or of fatigue and restlessness, before he had formed round his habitation grass-plots and arbours? This art, the image of creation, was reserved for that being alone, who bore the impression of the Divinity.

### LESSON 3.

#### *The Estimation of Diamonds.*

In the history of the human race, there are few things which at first sight appear so remarkable, as the prodigious value which, by common consent, in all ages, and in all civilized countries, has been attached to the diamond. That a house with a large estate, the means of

ing its starry radiance from the breast of titled merit, or "in courts and feasts and high solemnities," wreathing itself with the hair, illustrating the shape and colour of the neck, and entering ambitiously into contest with the lively lustre of those eyes that "rain influence" on all beholders, blends harmoniously with the general effect, and proclaims to the most distant ring of the surrounding crowd, the person of the monarch, of the knight, or of the beauty.

Another circumstance tending to enhance the value of the diamond is, that although small stones are sufficiently abundant to be within the reach of moderate expenditure, and therefore afford, to all those who are in easy circumstances, an opportunity to acquire a taste for diamonds, yet those of a larger size are, and ever have been, rather rare; and of those which are celebrated for their size and beauty, the whole number, at least in Europe, scarcely amounts to half a dozen, all of them being in possession of sovereign princes. Hence, the acquisition even of a moderately large diamond, is what mere money cannot always command; and many are the favours, both political and of other kinds, for which a diamond of a large size, or of uncommon beauty, may be offered as a compensation, where its commercial price, in money, neither can be tendered, nor would be received. In many circumstances also, it is a matter of no small importance for a person to have a considerable part of his property in the most portable form possible; and in this respect what is there that can be compared to diamonds, which possess the portability, without the risk, of bills of

exchange? It may further be remarked, in favour of this species of property, that it is but little liable to fluctuation, and has gone on pretty regularly increasing in value, insomuch that the price of stones of good quality is considerably higher than it was some years ago.

#### LESSON 4.

##### *On the Provision made for the inferior Creation.*

In all the animal world, we find no tribe, no individual neglected by its Creator. Even the ignoble creatures are most wisely circumstanced, and most liberally accommodated.

They all generate in that particular season, which supplies them with a stock of provisions, sufficient not only for themselves, but for their increasing families. The birds hatch their young, when new-born insects swarm on every side. So that the caterer, whether it be the male or the female parent, needs only to alight on the ground, or make a little excursion into the air, and find a feast ready dressed for the mouths at home. Their love to their offspring, while they are helpless, is invincibly strong: whereas the moment they are able to shift for themselves, it vanishes as though it had never been. The hen that marches at the head of her little brood, would fly at a mastiff in their defence; yet within a few weeks she leaves them to the wide world, and does not even know them any more.

The skill with which birds erect their houses, and adjust their apartments, is inimitable. The caution with which they hide their abodes from the searching eye or intruding hand, is admirable. No general, though fruitful in expedients, could build so commodious a lodgement. Give the most celebrated artificer the same materials, which these weak and unexperienced creatures use. Let a Jones or a De Moivre have only some rude or ugly sticks, a few bits of dirt or scraps of hair, a lock of wool, or a coarse sprig of moss; and what works could they produce? We extol the commander who knows how to take advantage of the ground, who by every circumstance embarrasses the forces of his enemy, and advances the success of his own. Does not this praise belong to the feathered leaders, who fix their pensile camp on the dangerous branches that wave aloft in the air, or dance over the stream? By this means the vernal gales rock their cradle; and the murmuring waters lull the young, while both concur to terrify their enemies, and keep them at a distance. Some hide their little household from view amidst the shelter of entangled furze. Others remove it from discovery in the centre of a thorny thicket. And by one stratagem or another, they are generally as secure as if they entrenched themselves in the earth.

If the swan has large sweeping wings, and a copious stock of feathers, to spread over his callow young, the wren makes up by contrivance what is wanting in her bulk. Small as she is, she will be obliged to nurse up a very numerous issue. Therefore, with surprising judg-

ment she designs, and with wonderful diligence finishes, her nest. It is a neat oval, bottomed and vaulted over with a regular concave; within made soft with down, without thatched with moss, and only a small aperture left for her entrance. By this means the enlivening heat of her body is greatly increased during the time of incubation. And her young no sooner burst the shell, than they find themselves screened from the annoyance of the weather, and comfortably reposed, till they gather strength in the warmth of a bagnio.

Perhaps we have been accustomed to look upon insects, as so many rude scraps of creation; but if we examine them with attention, they will appear some of the most polished pieces of divine workmanship. Many of them are decked with the richest finery. Their eyes are an assemblage of microscopes: the common fly, for instance, who, surrounded with enemies, has neither strength to resist, nor a place of retreat to secure herself. For this reason she has need to be very vigilant, and always upon her guard. But her head is so fixed that it cannot turn to see what passes, either behind or around her. Providence, therefore, has given her, not barely a retinue, but more than a legion of eyes; in so much that a single fly is supposed to possess no less than eight thousand. By the help of this truly amazing apparatus she sees on every side, with the utmost ease and speed, though without any motion of the eye or flexion of the head.

The dress of insects is a vesture of resplendent colours, set with an arrangement of the brightest gems.

Their wings are the finest expansion imaginable, compared to which lawn is as coarse as sack-cloth. The cases, which enclose their wings, glitter with the finest varnish, are scooped into ornamental flutings, studded with radiant spots, or pinked with elegant holes. There is not one but is endued with weapons to seize their prey, and dexterity to escape their foe, to despatch the business of their station, and enjoy the pleasure of their condition.

What if the elephant is distinguished by his huge proboscis? The use of this is answered in insects by their curious feelers, remarkable, if not for their enormous size, yet for their ready flexion and quick sensibility. By these they explore their way in the darkest road; by these they discover and avoid whatever might defile their neat apparel, or endanger their tender lives.

Every one admires the majestic horse. With how rapid a career does he bound along the plain! Yet the grasshopper springs forward with a bound abundantly more impetuous. The ant too, in proportion to his size, excels him both in swiftness and strength; and will climb precipices, which the most courageous courser dare not attempt to scale. If the snail moves more slowly, she has however no need to go the same way twice over; because whenever she departs, wherever she removes, she is always at home.

The eagle, it is true, is privileged with pinions that outstrip the wind. Yet neither is that poor outcast, the groveling mole, disregarded by divine Providence. Because she is to dig her cell in the earth, her paws serve



for a pick-axe and spade. Her eye is sunk deep into its socket, that it may not be hurt by her rugged situation; and as it needs very little light, she has no reason to complain of her dark abode. So that her subterranean habitation, which some might call a dungeon, yields her all the safety of a fortified castle, and all the delights of a decorated grot.

Even the spider, though abhorred by man, is the care of all-sustaining Heaven. She is to support herself by trepanning the wandering fly. Suitably to her employ, she has bags of glutinous moisture. From this she spins a clammy thread, and weaves it into a tenacious net. This she spreads in the most opportune place. But knowing her appearance would deter him from approaching, she retires out of sight. Yet she constantly keeps within distance; so as to receive immediate intelligence when any thing falls into her toils, ready to spring out in the very instant.

I must not forget the inhabitants of the hive. The bees subsist as a regular community. And their indulgent Creator has given them all implements necessary either for building their combs, or preparing their honey. They have each a portable vessel, in which they bring home their collected sweets; and they have the most commodious store-houses, wherein they deposit them. They readily distinguish every plant which affords materials for their business, and are complete practitioners in the arts of separation and refinement.

If the master of this lower creation is ennobled with the powers of reason, the meanest classes of sensitive



beings are endued with the faculty of instinct,—a sagacity which is neither derived from observation, nor waits the finishing of experience ; which without a tutor teaches them all necessary skill, and enables them, without a pattern, to perform every needful operation. And, what is more remarkable, it never misleads them, either into erroneous principles or pernicious practices ; nor ever fails them in the most nice and difficult of their undertakings.

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LESSON 5.

*Literary Ladies.*

Whatever doubts may be entertained as to the advances towards knowledge that have been lately made by the male part of our species, it is, we think, impossible to deny that the *female* have made a great and rapid progress. Indeed, if we were called upon to mention the circumstance most advantageously characteristic of our own times, we should not hesitate to mention the improved education of women. There are now alive, or at least there have lived, within the last thirty years, more women distinguished for their literary talents, and whose works are likely to immortalize their names, than in the twenty centuries that had elapsed from the time of Sappho. It has been our lot to be at once delighted by the inventive fertility of Madame de Genlis ; the virtuous and pathetic tenderness of Madame Cottin ; the native perspicuity and good sense, the mild and cheerful philosophy, the pure and original humour

of Miss Edgeworth; and by Madame de Staël, whose reach and vigour of understanding, whose instinctive quickness in seizing, and happy facility in delineating the manners of society and the character of nations,—whose brilliant yet earnest and natural eloquence, warm with the best feelings, and dignified by lofty and benevolent views of human nature, place her above all her predecessors, and, what is far more, above all her contemporaries. To this distinguished list many others might easily be added, in merit as in popularity unequalled in any former age; and, indeed, the more we consider the subject, the more we shall be surprised, both at how much they have done, and at how little was done before them. With the single exception of the lively, spirited, graceful, intelligent Lady Mary Wortley Montague, no English woman, before the reign of George III., had produced a book that is still read otherwise than as a matter of curiosity and research. We shall perhaps be reminded of Mrs. Hutchinson; but the attention we give to her *Memoirs* is excited not so much by their literary merit, as by the interesting nature of the events to which they relate, by the picture they afford of national manners at the most important period of our history, and by the purity, sweetness, dignity, and force of her own character.

Till the last half of the eighteenth century the French had equally little to boast of. The age of Louis XIV., so fertile in great men, produced but one woman that can be numbered among the classical writers of her country, and whose works form part of what may be

called "the library of nations." But the merit of *Madame de Sevigné*, great as it is, is chiefly the merit of style. She seldom rises to eloquence, and never to discussion or invention,—of both of which we have such frequent and such excellent specimens in the female writers of our time. The rest of Europe presented to us almost a complete blank, and even now, France and England almost monopolize the female literature of the world. Italy, in which women are worshipped and degraded, Spain and Germany, have produced (so far as we recollect) no eminent writer in the softer sex. Every civilized country, indeed, can boast its long list of admirable ladies, skilful in all arts and sciences, accomplished in verse and in prose; but it unfortunately happens, that the far greater part of them have either left behind them no monuments of their genius, or that their writings are deemed absolutely unreadable by an ungallant and fastidious posterity. The works of the female authors, our contemporaries, are of a higher and more durable kind; and we venture to foretell that "*Evelina*," "*Cecilia*," "*Tales of Fashionable Life*," and "*Corinne*," will not be forgotten, except in a general oblivion of all the choicest specimens of the literature of this age.

We rejoice at this improvement; not only because the performances we have just mentioned are such as would do honour to any country and to any period, but because we consider them as unequivocal symptoms of a general advance in the character, talents, and station in society of the whole sex. The mere existence of three

or four extraordinary women in a country is of comparatively little value. But when a few individuals rise to great excellence, it is probable that the quality of the whole class has been ameliorated; and we prize the authors of "Castle Rackrent" and "Camilla" much less for their insulated, independent merit—that merit which, it must be confessed, is most gratifying to themselves—than when we consider them as chiefs and representatives of that great and increasing number of educated, intelligent, accomplished women, which these islands now produce. In fact, if other proofs were wanting, this alone would be a sufficient indication of the present character and condition of the female sex in this country. It is far more decisive than equal or even superior merit in the same number of individuals would be with respect to our own sex. We are certainly not disposed to underrate the understandings of women, but we think it no want of respect to them to say, that their minds are of a less bold, original, and independent cast; and that they partake much more strongly and uniformly than ourselves of the character of the age in which they live, and the society to which they belong. A few great men may rise up in a comparatively rude and dark age, diffuse a sudden light, and give a new impulse to the world; but a distinguished female writer is the effect of civilization carried to a very high point of consideration already paid to her sex, and of knowledge widely spread.

We consider the change in the education of women, which is indicated by the rank they have lately assumed in the literary world, as a pure unmixed good. Not

that we would purchase for them an increase of knowledge, much as we value it, at the expense of their social or domestic virtues, or by taking away that grace and softness which form the charm of the female character. But there is nothing in reason or in experience that should teach us to apprehend such an effect. It is in England, and within the last thirty or forty years, that the progress of learning has been most extensive among women, and yet we see no reason to suppose that they make worse wives, worse mothers, or less agreeable members of society, than their great-grandmothers, who could spell no word of above three syllables, and who were acquainted with no science but that of making tapestry.

It is quite idle, and the mere talk of country squires, to say that knowledge makes women affected, insolent, slovenly, or corrupt. Any advantage, or supposed advantage, be it what it may, that is confined to a few, will produce an unfavourable effect upon the conduct of those few, unless they are also gifted with an unusually large portion of modesty and good sense. The moment the advantage ceases to be also a distinction, it no longer supplies food to vanity, nor gives birth to impertinence and affectation. The diffusion of knowledge is the death-blow to pedantry. If, as our wise ancestors supposed, learned ladies—that is, ladies that knew any thing—were apt to neglect their children, and wear dirty clothes, it was because they were few enough in number to be each an object of remark. A hundred and fifty years ago, the few women that could read in a

foreign language, or write tolerably in their own, were probably very vain of these accomplishments, which separated them by such a prodigious interval from their contemporaries. Just as vain too, in all likelihood, were the first distinguished persons who wore silk and muslin, or rode in coaches, or looked through glass windows; or the Indian prince, who, by the liberality of an English navigator, was first enabled to add, "Lord of the Brass Kettle" to other titles of high import and imposing magnificence. But now that (owing to schools and manufactories, and to improved tutors, governesses, and machinery) muslin, and French, and glass, and composition, and hardware, are grown pretty common, all these ornaments and comforts are enjoyed without any drawback from envy on the one side, or vanity on the other.

The tendency of an increased acquaintance with literature among women to promote a corresponding improvement in our sex is, we think, already very perceptible in society. We say nothing of its effect upon that early but important part of education which falls to the care of mothers. But it also makes a competent share of knowledge, a much more desirable, indeed an almost indispensable acquisition to an English gentleman. We are not now speaking of understandings of the highest class,—of persons engaged in the great struggle for power and for fame; nor do we pretend that we are likely to have greater statesmen, poets, and philosophers, than our forefathers, because modern ladies are better instructed than the wife of Burleigh or the daughters

of Milton. But there is in this country a large description of men who are either unemployed, or only half-employed, in easy circumstances, void of ambition, indolent, and unwilling to take the trouble of acquiring more literary knowledge than is absolutely necessary to escape contempt. All such persons did formerly find great comfort and countenance in the entire ignorance of the female half of society. However schools and colleges might have failed in infusing into them any portion of learning, they were sure at least not to find themselves inferior to those whose tastes make the law of fashion, and whose influence, arising from the strongest feelings of our nature, enables them, in all civilized nations, to dispense the lesser honours of social life. That support is now withdrawn. Books have travelled from the library to the drawing-room, and have so completely established themselves there, that it will be found impossible to dislodge them. Women read, and talk of what they have read, not out of affectation and pedantry, but as a common amusement and a natural subject of conversation. Their society is no longer an asylum for ignorance; and any one that is desirous to shine as a man of fashion must submit to take a little literature as a part of his stock in trade.

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### LESSON 6.

#### *On the Invention of Homer.*

Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judg-



ment Virgil has justly contested with him; and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder that he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses; the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which master every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it judgment itself can at best but steal wisely; for art is only like a prudent steward, that lives by managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute; as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure as the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.



It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable : every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person ; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. It is, however, remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour : it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand, but this poetical fire in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant ; in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes ; in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art ; in Shakspeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an ac-

cidental fire from heaven ; but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

On whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work ; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expressions more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each : it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him.

No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree ; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it : each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in com-

parison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work : Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty : Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence : Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow ; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate ; Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases ; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens ; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.



## LESSON 7.

### *Decision of Character.*

A persisting, untameable efficacy of soul gives a seductive and pernicious dignity even to a character and a course, which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful design compels a sentiment of

deep respect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality, what a noble being this would have been, if goodness had been his destiny ! The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms, by which we show that we are tempted to refer his atrocity rather to his destiny than to his choice. I wonder whether an emotion like this has not been experienced by each reader of *Paradise Lost*, relative to the leader of the infernal spirits ; a proof, if such were the fact, that a very serious error has been committed by the greatest poet. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the force of mind which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superior to doubt and fluctuation, and disdainful of ease, of pleasures, of opposition, and of hazard. We bow to the ambitious spirit which reached the true sublime, in the reply of Pompey to his friends, who dissuaded him from venturing on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome on an important occasion : "It is necessary for me to go ; it is not necessary for me to live."

But not less decision has been displayed by men of virtue. In this distinction no man ever exceeded, for instance, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard.

The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity ; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared

to exceed the tone of a calm constancy ; it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds : as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity, was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement, which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which, therefore, the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling, which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scene which he traversed ; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds, to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard : he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their com-

mission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings ; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them, would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel, was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive, when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge ; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty, as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common resolution to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, like the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred every thing he did and thought

to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent: and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence.



### LESSON 8.

#### *Westminster Abbey.*

The approach to the abbey through the cloisters prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funereal emblems. Every thing bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

As I paced the cloisters, endeavouring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. I remained some little while, musing over those casual reliques of antiqui-



ty, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished ; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these grave-stones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which like a billow has rolled onwards towards the grave.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to so amazing a height ; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handywork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb ; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and clatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the



congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust ; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy ; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple ; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakspeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories ; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration, with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions ; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure : but the intercourse between the au-

thor and his fellow men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself ; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown ; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory ; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name ; or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies ; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion ; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together ; warriors in armour, as if reposing after battle ; prelates with croziers and mitres ; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear;—the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the death-like repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sun had poured his last ray through the lofty windows; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres. On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted

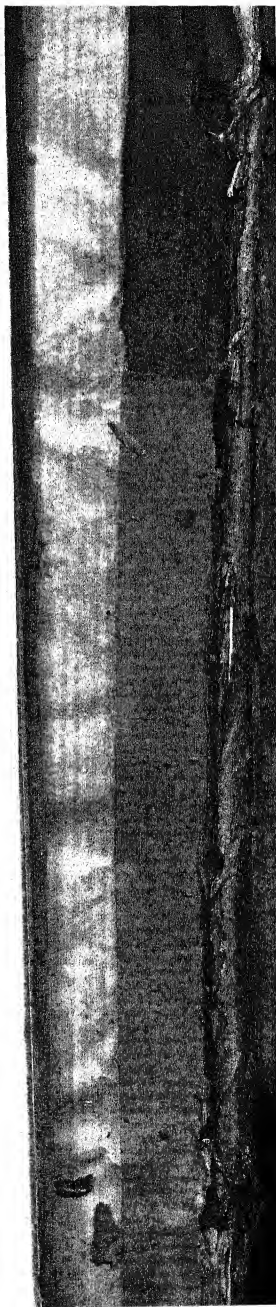
fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum.

What then is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sun-beam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine round the fallen column, and the fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told; and his very monument becomes a ruin.

#### LESSON 9.

##### *The Stout Gentleman.*

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering;



but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur chained to a dog house, hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard on pattens, looking

roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave; which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth, in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous fortunes of poor Mary.

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light;

the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave ; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation ; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion ! It is, indeed, the empire of death ; his great shadowy palace ; where he sits in state, mocking at the reliques of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name ! Time is ever silently turning over his pages ; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past ; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection ; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. " Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Brown, " find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our successor's." History

as sulky as the weather itself: every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard drinking ducks assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable; I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day to the knight errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostel in the good old fighting times would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oilcloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed,



two or three in the room, but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third set drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after another, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church with petticoats hoisted midleg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing farther from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely, and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer, and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the commonplace names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass, the eternal families of the Smiths, and the

Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons, and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry, which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy, the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain: it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing, (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day,) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stagecoach whirled through the street with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the streams of wet box-coats and upper benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler, and that non-descript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn. But the bustle was transient. The coach again whirled on its way; and boy, and dog, and hostler, and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up. The barometer pointed to rainy weather. Mine hostess's tortoiseshell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and on referring to the almanack, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom.

through the whole month, "Expect—much—rain—about—this—time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The stout gentleman in No. 13. wants his breakfast. Tea, and bread and butter, with ham and eggs, the eggs not to be too much done." In such a situation as mine, every incident was of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 13," it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but "The stout gentleman!" the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye: and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently

a man of importance; "well to do in the world;" accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry. "Perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of parliament!"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid; the eggs were overdone; the ham was too salt: the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household. The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slamerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the stout gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise, and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs and ham, and bread and butter, were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint. I had not made many turns about the traveller's room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the Times or the

Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a Whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly, where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man;—"who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself."

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this stout gentleman, that was making all this stir; but I could get no information. No body seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupation of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman: a designation of the kind once hit on, answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry. Rain, rain, rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation nor amusement within. By and bye I heard some one walking over head. It was in the stout gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man, by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with, swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist,

merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate ; who are used to tavern life ; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Freelivers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea ; who call all the waiters by name, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus after dinner. The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous ; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect. I was getting a fit of the fidgets. Dinner time came. I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person ; but no, he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery ? He could not be a radical ; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed my doubts on this head were soon at an end ; for he could not have finished his

first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune ; and on listening I found it to be " God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject ; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be ? My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling *incog* ? " Who knows," said I, at my wit's end ; " it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen !" The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats ; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew



round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings down. They discussed the credits of different merchants, and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps, that is to say strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rung for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left; a short legged, longbodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the stout gentleman began to walk over-head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in this, especially to one



in my state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood a-jar. I hesitated—I entered. The room was deserted. There stood a large broad-bottomed elbow chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a Times newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese. The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off sorely disappointed to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown, but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den. He might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terrible nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the stout gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's um-

brella in No. 13!" I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "Here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger was then on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed,—“all right!” was the word,—the coach whirled off,—and that was all I ever saw of the stout gentleman!

#### LESSON 10.

##### *The Loo-Choo Islanders.*

The manners of the natives appeared in a high degree gentle and respectful; in our presence they uniformly uncovered their heads, bowed whenever they spoke to us; and when we gave them some rum, they did not drink till they had bowed to every person round. On taking up our anchorage-ground, a canoe, filled with natives, approached the *Alceste*, and, on a rope being thrown to them, they tied a fish to it, and then paddled away. All this seemed to promise well, and was particularly grateful after the cold repulsive manners of the Coreans.

Next day we were surrounded by canoes crowded with natives, who, accompanied by their children, flock-

ed on board the ships. They all wore a loose dress, tied with a belt round their waist; their hair being pulled tight up from all sides, was formed into a knot at the top of the head, and through this knot they thrust two metal pins. In the course of an hour, a native came on board, who appeared to be somewhat higher in rank than the rest; and we now discovered, to our great satisfaction, that this man understood our Chinese servant. As it appeared that there were other chiefs on shore superior in rank to this man, Captain Maxwell declined receiving his visit, as well with the view of inducing the principal people to come on board, as of maintaining an appearance of dignity,—a point of great importance with the Chinese and their dependants, who are said invariably to repay condescension with presumption.

On the 17th, I carried the interpreter to the Alceste after breakfast, where I found two chiefs, who had been on board for some time, and had been taken care of by the officers, while Captain Maxwell was preparing to receive them. A message was soon after formally sent to intimate to them, that the Ta-yin (a Chinese title, used also by these people to persons of rank, and invariably applied by them to the captains) was desirous of seeing the chiefs: they were accordingly introduced by the first lieutenant, Mr Hickman, into the after-cabin, where they were received by Captain Maxwell in due form. Their dress was singularly graceful; it consisted of a loose flowing robe, with very wide sleeves, and tied round the middle by a broad rich belt or girdle of wrought silk; a yellow cylindrical cap; and a neat straw sandal

over a short cotton boot or stocking. The sandals were held on the feet by a stiff straw band passing over the instep, and joining the sandal near the heel; this band was connected with the fore-part of the sandal by a slight string, drawn between the great-toe and that next to it, the stocking being made with a division, like the finger of a glove, to receive the great-toe. They all carried fans, which they stuck in their girdles when not in use; each person had also a short tobacco-pipe in a small bag, hanging, along with the pouch, at the waist.

During all this morning, canoes were continually passing backwards and forwards, each containing about ten persons; and the numbers which came in this way must have been immense. They seemed highly gratified with being allowed to go wherever they pleased over the ships; nor was this license ever abused. The manners of these people, even of the very lowest classes, were particularly good; their curiosity was certainly great, but it never made them rudely inquisitive; their language sounded very musical to our ears, and in most cases we discovered that it was easy of pronunciation. The variety and colour of their dresses was endless. Many wore printed cottons; others had dresses with the patterns drawn on them by hand instead of being stamped; blue, in all its shades, was the prevailing colour; many dresses, too, bore a great resemblance to the Highland tartans. The children, in general, wore more showy dresses than the men; of the dress of the women we could learn nothing, as none had yet been seen. Every person buckled round him one of the

girdles before described, which was always of a different colour from the dress, and in general richly ornamented with flowers in embossed silk, and sometimes with gold and silver threads. A loose flowing dress is naturally so graceful, that even the lowest boatman at this place had a picturesque appearance. Their hair, which was observed to be invariably of a glossy black, was shaved off the crown of the head; but this bare place was effectually concealed by their mode of dressing the hair in a close knot over it. Their beards and mustachios had been allowed to grow, but were kept neat and smooth. In stature they are rather low, but well formed, and have an easy, graceful air, which suits well with their flowing dress. Their colour is not very good, some of the people being dark, and others nearly white; but in most instances they are of a deep copper. This defect is fully compensated by the peculiar sweetness and intelligence of their countenances. Their eyes, which are black, have a placid expression; their teeth are regular, and beautifully white. In deportment they are modest, polite, timid, and respectful; and, in short, appear to be a most interesting and amiable people.

Two of the natives had been studying English with great assiduity, and with considerable success. One is called Maddera; the other Anya. They carry note-books, in imitation of one of our party, in which they record, in their own characters, every word they learn. They are both shrewd and observant young men, and are much among the strangers. From the respect occasionally paid to them, it is suspected that their rank is higher than

they will admit it to be; and we suspect that their object in pretending to be people of ordinary rank, is to obtain a more free intercourse with all classes on board the ships. Maddera, by his great liveliness, and singular propriety of manners, has made himself a great favourite; he adopts all our customs with a sort of intuitive readiness, sits down to table, uses a knife and fork, converses, and walks with us: in short, does every thing that we do, quite as matters of course, without any apparent effort or study. He is further recommended to us by the unreserved way in which he communicates every thing relating to his country; so that as he advances in the study of English, and we in the Loo-Choo language, he may afford us the means of gaining much information.

#### LESSON 11.

##### *The Loo-choo Islanders, (continued.)*

On the 9th of October the *Lyra* was sent to survey the whole coast of the island, which occupied a week. On their return, the crew found Maddera had made great improvement in English, and that his character was altogether more developed.

He was now quite at his ease in company, and seemed to take the most extraordinary interest in every thing belonging to us; but his ardent desire to inform himself on all subjects sometimes distressed him a good deal; observing the facility with which we did something, his enterprising mind immediately suggested to him the possibility of imitating us; but when he was

made sensible of the number of steps by which alone the knowledge he aspired to was to be obtained, his despair was strongly marked. From the earnest way in which he inquired into every subject, we were sometimes disposed to suspect that he must have been directed by the government to inform himself on these topics ; and certainly a fitter person could not have been selected ; for he adapted himself so readily to all ranks, that he soon became a universal favourite. He was about 28 years of age, of a slender figure, but very active ; his upper teeth projected in front over the lower ones, giving his face a remarkable, but not disagreeable expression. The great interest which he took in the English strangers, and the curiosity he always expressed to hear about our customs, suggested the idea of taking him with us to England, where he would have been a most interesting specimen of a people so little known ; and we thought also, that he might have carried back with him to Loo-Choo knowledge that might prove of the greatest use to his countrymen. When this project was mentioned to him, he paused for some minutes, and then, shaking his head, said, " I go Ingeree—father, mother, child, wife, house, all cry ! not go ; no, no, all cry !"

On the 19th of October, a grand entertainment was given to six of the chiefs by Captain Maxwell ; Maddera also made one of the party, though not originally included in the invitation. As he had never laid any claim to an equality in rank with the chiefs, it was not thought right to invite him along with them : but Maddera, who probably knew that he would be right welcome, took



care to put himself in Captain Maxwell's way just before dinner, when he was easily prevailed upon to remain. Dinner was served at five o'clock, in as sumptuous a style as possible. Ookooma, the principal chief, was placed on Captain Maxwell's right, and Shayoon on his left; I sat beside the former, and Mr. Clifford next to the other; then came the two chiefs next in rank, and beside them two of the officers of the ship: the first lieutenant, Mr. Hickman, sat at the foot of the table, with Hackeeboocoo on his right, and Maddera on his left. They were all in high spirits, and ate and drank freely; and though they complained of the size of the glasses, and of the strength of the wines, tasted every thing from punch to champagne: the briskness of the last, indeed, surprised them not a little. Cheese was the only thing they all objected to, probably on account of its being made of milk, which they never taste. The interpreter not being present, the conversation was carried on through Mr. Clifford and Maddera, partly by signs, and partly by a mixture of English and Loo-Choo; but whether intelligibly or not, every body was talking. Maddera had dined so often on board the ships, that he was quite perfect in our customs; and upon this occasion took great charge of the chiefs at his end of the table, speaking sometimes in one language and sometimes in the other. Observing Jeema eating ham without mustard, he called to Captain Maxwell's servant, and pointing to Jeema, said, "Tom, take mustard to him." When the dessert was put on the table, and the wine decanters ranged in a



line, they exclaimed in astonishment, "Moo eeyroo noo sackee," six kinds or colours of wine; but the sweetmeats and prepared confectionary pleased them most of all. After sitting about an hour and a half after dinner, and drinking with tolerable spirit, they rose to depart; but this they were not allowed to do: and on being informed that it was the English custom to sit a much longer time, they represented that the sun had set, and that they would never be able to find their way on shore, but would all be drowned in attempting it. This alarming difficulty was easily obviated by a promise of the barge, and they sat down again. The health of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was then drunk in a bumper, all the company standing in the most respectful manner. This was followed by the health of the King of Loo-Choo, which was drunk with similar observances. On sitting down after the latter toast, the chiefs conferred with one another a few minutes across the table, and then all rose to propose Captain Maxwell's health; their wishes being explained by Maddera. When they sat down, Captain Maxwell proposed the health of Oo-kooma and the other chiefs; but when we in turn stood up to drink this toast, they rose likewise; nor was it till a good deal of persuasion had been used, that they consented to be seated while we were standing. These four bumpers made all the party very merry, and it was now intimated to them, that as all the usual formalities had been observed, they might drink as much or as little as they pleased. They then lighted their pipes at Captain

Maxwell's request, laughed, joked, and seemed so happy, that it was agreed on all hands, that conviviality was no where better understood than at Loo-Choo. After a time, at our request, they played some games, of which we had heard them speak; the ultimate object of which was drinking, a cup of wine being the invariable forfeit; and that every thing might be strictly in character, some of their own little cups were put on the table. These caused a good deal of noisy mirth, and at length it was proposed by them to go out, in order to look at the sailors who were dancing on deck. Before leaving the cabin, however, they showed us a Loo-Choo dance round the table: Madderer placed himself at the head, before Oo-kooma, while the others ranged themselves in a line behind him; he began by a song, the air of which was very pretty, and nearly at the same time commenced the dance, which consisted principally in throwing the body into a variety of postures, and twisting the hands about. Sometimes the hands were placed flat together; at others separate, but generally the former; the movements both of the body and hands were of a waving description. The head was made to incline slowly from side to side, so as almost to touch the shoulders: the feet were moved with a slight shuffling motion, with an occasional long sweeping step to one side, and then back again; but the perfection of the dance appeared to be in the proper use of the hands and body. The words of the dance-song were, "Sassa sangcooma, sangcoomee ah! sangcoomee ah! kadee yooshee daw;" when they came to the last word they all joined in the chorus, and clapped

their hands. Although Maddera was the leader both in the dance and song, he was occasionally joined in the latter by several of the others, the whole party repeating the last word ; they all joined in the chorus, and clapped their hands. In this manner they went several times round the table. Maddera had so graceful a carriage of body, that his dancing, though somewhat fantastical, was really elegant ; his singing too was in good taste. The others danced clumsily, though in perfect good time, and joined with some spirit in the chorus. As the ship was gaily illuminated, and the sailors were all dancing on the deck, the chiefs were much pleased with the scene, which was indeed a lively one. After watching the sailors for a few minutes, Maddera, who, to use a common phrase, " was up to every thing," ran amongst them, seized one of the dancers by the shoulders, and pushing him on one side, took his place, and kept up the reel with the same spirit, and exactly in the same style and step as the sailors ! The other dances were of course left off, and the whole ship's company assembling round Maddera, cheered and clapped him till the reel was over. The chiefs joined in the applause, seeming no less surprised than we were at Maddera's skill ; for his imitation of the sailor's odd steps and gestures was as exact as if he had lived amongst seamen all his life. The officers then danced a country dance : after which the chiefs, unasked, and with a sort of intuitive politeness, which rendered every thing they did appropriate, instantly stepped forward, and danced several times round the quarter-deck, to the infinite delight of

the sailors. Before they left the ship, Captain Maxwell, who had often remarked the satisfaction with which they received any attention shown to their children, ordered a large cake to be brought to him; this he divided into slices proportioned to the numbers of the respective families of each. The chiefs, who were in a proper mood to feel this kindness, expressed themselves, as may be supposed, very warmly upon the occasion, and went away singing and cheering all the way to the shore.

LESSON 12.

*The Loo-Choo Islanders, (concluded.)*

Four days after this, the *Alceste* was visited by the Prince Shang Pung Twee, the next person in rank to the king, and heir apparent to the throne. On this occasion much interest was excited by Maddera's full and explicit assumption of his long-concealed high rank, coming on board for the first time in the robes of a chief; and such indeed appeared to be his rank, that he not only took precedence of all our old friends, but during the discussion in the cabin with the prince, maintained in every respect a decided superiority over them all.—Two days after this, the officers of both ships were invited to a splendid entertainment on shore; they were conducted to a temple, where an ingenious device was adopted to preserve the etiquette, which requires that no persons but those of high rank shall be seated in the presence of the prince. The temple was divided into three rooms by ranges of columns, connected by moveable parti-

tions, in such a manner, that when these pannels were removed, there still appeared to be three separate apartments; at least the separation was enough to save the prince's dignity, while, at the same time, no person in the other rooms could feel himself slighted by the exclusion, since the division by the pillars was merely nominal. As during the stay of the ships at Napakiang, they had been most liberally supplied with every kind of store and refreshment which the island afforded, and which indeed amounted to considerable value, Captain Maxwell took this opportunity of expressing his grateful sense of their kindness and attention by distributing various valuable presents. Amongst others, a thermometer set in silver, and a small brass sextant, were given to the prince.

On the 26th of October we made preparations for our departure, which were observed with much regret by these affectionate people, especially by our little favourites the children; indeed the wonted hilarity of the lower classes was quite gone. Having taken our final leave of the shore, we went to the *Alceste*, where we found the chiefs in conference with Captain Maxwell; after this was over, he made each of the chiefs a present of a finely-cut wine glass, which he knew they had long desired to possess. To Ookooma he gave a richly-cut tumbler, enclosed in a red morocco case. This was much beyond his expectations, and perhaps his wishes, for he appeared to observe the wine glasses of the others with somewhat of a dissappointed look. Captain Maxwell perceiving in a moment that Ookooma had set his

heart upon a wine glass also, opened the case, and as if it had been accidentally omitted, placed one inside the tumbler. While we were at dinner, Maddera came into the Alceste's cabin, for the purpose of asking some questions about the sextant which had been given to the prince. He had not been aware of our being at dinner, and looked quite shocked at having intruded; of course he was invited to sit down, but no entreaties could prevail upon him to do so; being determined, no doubt, to show that his coming was accidental.—From the cabin he went to the gun-room, to see his friend Mr. Hoppner, the junior lieutenant of the Alceste, with whom he had formed a great friendship. Mr. Hoppner gave him a picture of the Alceste, and some other presents; upon which Maddera, who was much affected, said, “To-morrow ship go sea;—I go my father house,—two day distance:—when I see my father, I show him your present, and I tell him,—me, Henry Hoppner all same (as) brother;” and burst into tears!

At day break, on Sunday the 27th of October, we unmoored; upon which the natives, seeing us take up one of our anchors, naturally thought we were going to get under weigh immediately, and give them the slip, without bidding them adieu; which was very far from our intention. The alarm, however, spread immediately, and brought the chiefs to the ships in a great hurry; not in a body, in their usual formal way, but one by one, as they could find separate canoes to paddle them from the shore. Old Jeema called on board the Lyra on his way to the frigate; he was a good deal agitated, and the

tears came into his eyes when I drew a ring from my finger and placed it on his in exchange for his knife, which he took from his girdle to present to me. The other chiefs called alongside on their way to the frigate, but they went on when I told them I was just going to the Alceste myself. In the meantime Maddera came on board, with the sextant in his hand: he was in such distress that he scarcely knew what he was about. In this distracted state he sat down to breakfast with us; during which he continued lighting his pipe, and smoking as fast as he could, instinctively drinking and eating whatever was placed before him. After a time he recovered his composure in some degree, and asked me what books it would be necessary to read in order to enable him to make use of the sextant? I gave him a nautical almanack, and told him he must understand that in the first instance; he opened it, and attentively looking at the figures for a few minutes, held up his hands in absolute despair; and being at last forced to confess that it was a hopeless business, put the sextant into its case, and bade us farewell. Before he left the *Lyra*, he gave Mr. Clifford his pipe, tobacco-pouch, and a crystal ornament; saying, as he held them out, "You go Ingerree, you give this to your childs." Mr. Clifford gave him a few presents in return, and expressed his anxiety to be always remembered as his friend. Maddera, with great earnestness, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, placed his hand several times upon his heart, and cried, "Eedooshee, edooshee!"—"My friend, my friend!" To me he gave a fan, and a large picture of a

man looking up at the sun, drawn, he said, by himself: he probably meant in his picture some allusion to my usual occupation at the observatory. After he had put off in his boat, he stood up and called out several times, "Ingeree noo choo sibitee yootoosha!"—"I shall ever remember the English people!" When I went to the Alceste, I found the chiefs seated in the cabin, and all looking very disconsolate. We tried in vain to engage them in conversation; their wonted cheerfulness had quite deserted them: and, indeed, it was natural that they should be so affected, for (unlike their visitors) these simple people could have had little experience of parting scenes. Mutual assurances then passed between us, of being long and kindly remembered, and they rose to take leave; upon which Ookooma, who, as well as the others, was much agitated, endeavoured to say something; but his heart was full, and he could not utter a word. The rest did not attempt to speak; and before they reached their boats they were all in tears. Mad-dera, who was the last to quit the ship, cried bitterly as he wrung the hands of his numerous friends, who crowded round him, and loaded him with presents. While we were heaving up the anchor, the natives assembled not only in canoes round the ships, but in vast crowds upon the neighbouring heights; and as we sailed away, they all stood up, and continued waving their fans and handkerchiefs till they could be no longer distinguished.

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## LESSON 13.

*The Pleasures of Science.*

Every man is by nature endowed with the power of gaining knowledge, and the taste for it: the capacity to be pleased with it forms equally a part of the natural constitution of his mind. It is his own fault, or the fault of his education, if he derives no gratification from it. There is a satisfaction in knowing what others know—in not being more ignorant than those we live with: there is a satisfaction in knowing what others do not know—in being more informed than they are. But this is quite independent of the pure pleasure of knowledge—of gratifying a curiosity implanted in us by Providence, to lead us towards the better understanding of the universe in which our lot is cast, and the nature wherewith we are clothed. That every man is capable of being delighted with extending his information upon matters of science, will be evident from a few plain considerations.

Reflect how many parts of the reading, even of persons ignorant of science, refer to matters wholly unconnected with any interest or advantage to be derived from the knowledge acquired. Every one is amused with reading a story: a romance may please some, and a fairy tale may entertain others; but no benefit beyond the amusement is derived from this source: the imagination is gratified; and we willingly spend a good deal of time and a little money in this gratification, rather than in rest after fatigue, or in any other bodily indulgence. So we read a newspaper, without any view to the advan-

tage we are to gain from learning the news, but because it interests and amuses us to know what is passing. One object, no doubt, is to become acquainted with matters relating to the welfare of the country ; but we read the occurrences which do little or not at all regard the public interests, and we take pleasure in reading them. Accidents, adventures, anecdotes, crimes, and a variety of other things amuse us, independent of the information respecting public affairs, in which we feel interested as citizens of the state, or as members of a particular body. It is of little importance to inquire how and why these things excite our attention, and wherefore the reading about them is a pleasure : the fact is certain ; and it proves clearly that there is a positive enjoyment in knowing what we did not know before ; and this pleasure is greatly increased when the information is such as excites our surprise, wonder, or admiration. Most persons who take delight in reading tales of ghosts, which they know to be false, and feel all the while to be silly in the extreme, are merely gratified, or rather occupied, with the strong emotions of horror excited by the momentary belief, for it can only last an instant. Such reading is a degrading waste of precious time, and has even a bad effect upon the feelings and judgment. But true stories of horrid crimes, as murders, and pitiable misfortunes, as shipwrecks, are not much more instructive. It may be better to read these than to sit yawning and idle—much better than to sit drinking or gaming, which when carried to the least excess, are crimes in themselves, and the fruitful parents of many more. But this is nearly

as much as can be said for such vain and unprofitable reading. If it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity, to know what we were ignorant of, to have our feelings of wonder called forth, how pure a delight of this very kind does Natural Science hold out to its students! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of Mechanical Philosophy. How wonderful are the laws that regulate the motions of fluids! Is there any thing in all the idle books of tales and horrors more truly astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, by mere pressure, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force? What can be more strange, than that an ounce weight should balance hundreds of pounds, by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron? Observe the extraordinary truths which Optical Science discloses. Can any thing surprise us more, than to find the colour of white is a mixture of all others—that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no colour at all, than all colours together? Chemistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air, and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe; that salts should be of a metallic nature, and composed, in great part, of metals, fluid like quicksilver, but lighter than water, and

which, without any heating, take fire upon being exposed to the air, and by burning, form the substance so abounding in saltpetre and in the ashes of burnt wood : these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind, nay, of any one but little accustomed to reflect. And yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view : the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies ; their immense distances ; their countless numbers ; and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Akin to this pleasure of contemplating new and extraordinary truths, is the gratification of a more learned curiosity, by tracing resemblances and relations between things, which, to common apprehension, seem widely different. Mathematical science to thinking minds affords this pleasure in a high degree. It is agreeable to know that the three angles of every triangle, whatever be its size, howsoever its sides may be inclined to each other, are always of necessity, when taken together, the same in amount ;—that any regular kind of figure whatever, upon the one side of a right-angled triangle, is equal to the two figures of the same kind upon the two other sides, whatever be the size of the triangle ;—that the properties of an oval curve are extremely similar to those of a curve, which appears the least like it of any, consisting of two branches of infinite extent, with their backs turned to each other. To trace such unexpected resemblances is, indeed, the object of all philosophy ; and experimental science in particular is occupied with such

investigations, giving us general views, and enabling us to explain the appearances of nature, that is, to show how one appearance is connected with another. But we are now only considering the gratification derived from learning these things. It is surely a satisfaction, for instance, to know that the same thing, or motion, or whatever it is, which causes the sensation of heat, causes also fluidity, and expands bodies in all directions ;—that electricity, the light which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds ;—that plants breathe like ourselves, but differently by day and by night ;—that the air which burns in our lamps enables a balloon to mount, and causes the globules of the dust of plants to rise, float through the air, and continue their race ;—in a word, is the immediate cause of vegetation. Nothing can at first view appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing,—the rust of metals and burning,—an acid and rust,—the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time, nay, and of a body burning in that air ; and yet all these are the same operation. It is an undeniable fact, that the very same thing which makes the fire burn, makes metals rust, forms acids, and causes plants and animals to breathe ; that these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science, are the same,—the rusting of metals,—the formation of acids,—the burning of inflammable bodies,—the breathing of animals,—and the growth of plants by night. To know this is a

positive gratification. Is it not pleasing to find the same substance in various situations extremely unlike each other;—to meet with fixed air as the produce of burning, of breathing, and of vegetation;—to find that it is the choak-damp of mines,—the bad air in the grotto at Naples,—the cause of death in neglected brewer's vats,—and of the brisk and acid flavour of Seltzer and other mineral springs? Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam-engine, and the crawling of a fly upon the window. We find that these two operations are performed by the same means, the weight of the atmosphere, and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Can any thing be more strange to contemplate? Is there in all the fairy tales that ever were fancied any thing more calculated to arrest the attention, and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders? What more pleasing occupation than to see uncovered and bared before our eyes the very instrument and process by which nature works? Then we raise our views to the structure of the heavens; and are again gratified with tracing accurate but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find, that the power which keeps this earth in its shape, and in its path, wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that this same power keeps the moon in her path round our earth, and our earth in its path round the sun, and each planet in its path; that the same power causes the tides upon

our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself; and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, fills the mind, and produces certain as well as pure gratification.

But if the knowledge of the doctrines unfolded by science is pleasing, so is the being able to trace the steps by which those doctrines are investigated, and their truth demonstrated: indeed you cannot be said, in any sense of the word, to have learnt them, or to know them, if you have not so studied them as to perceive how they are proved. Without this you never can expect to remember them long, or to understand them accurately; and that would of itself be reason enough for examining closely the grounds they rest on. But there is the highest gratification of all, in being able to see distinctly those grounds, so as to be satisfied that a belief in the doctrines is well founded. Hence, to follow a demonstration of a grand mathematical truth—to perceive how clearly and how inevitably one step succeeds another, and how the whole steps lead to the conclusion—to observe how certainly and unerringly the reasoning goes on from things perfectly self evident, and by the smallest addition at each step, every one being as easily taken after the one before, as the first step of all was, and yet the result being something not only far from self-evident, but so general and strange, that you can hardly believe it to be true, and are only convinced of it by going over the whole reasoning—this operation of the understanding, to those who so exercise themselves, always affords



the highest delight. The contemplation of experimental inquiries, and the examination of reasoning founded upon the facts which our experiments and observations disclose, is another fruitful source of enjoyment ; and no other means can be devised for either imprinting the results upon our memory, or enabling us really to enjoy the whole pleasures of science. They who found the study of some branches dry and tedious at the first, have generally become more and more interested, as they went on ; each difficulty overcome gives an additional relish to the pursuit, and makes us feel, as it were, that we have by our work and labour established a right of property in the subject. Let any man pass an evening in listless idleness, or even in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep or gets up next morning, with its state some other day when he has passed a few hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in Natural Science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself by careful examination of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true :—he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being ; the difference between looking back upon time unprofitably wasted, and time spent in self-improvement : he will feel himself in the one case listless and dissatisfied, in the other comfortable and happy ; in the one case, if he do not appear to himself humbled, at least he will not have earned any claim to his own re-



spect ; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having, by his own exertions, become a wiser, and therefore a more exalted creature.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences, in learning what others have discovered, and extending the bounds of human knowledge, has, in all ages, been reckoned the most dignified and happy of human occupations ; and the name of *Philosopher*, or *Lover of Wisdom*, is given to those who lead such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life ; and an assiduous devotion of the bulk of our time to the work which our condition requires, is an important duty, and indicates the possession of practical wisdom. This, however, does by no means hinder us from applying the rest of our time, besides what nature requires for meals and rest, to the study of science ; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, works his day's work, and improves his mind in the evening, as well as he who, placed above such necessity, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a *True Philosopher*.

One of the most gratifying treats which science affords us, is the knowledge of the extraordinary powers with which the human mind is endowed. No man, until he has studied philosophy, can have a just idea of the great things for which *Providence* has fitted his understand-

ing, the extraordinary disproportion which there is between his natural strength and the power of his mind, and the force which he derives from those powers.—It is surely no mean reward of our labour to become acquainted with the prodigious genius of those who have almost exalted the nature of man above its destined sphere ; and, admitted to a fellowship with those loftier minds, to know how it comes to pass that by universal consent they hold a station apart, rising over all the great teachers of mankind, and spoken of reverently as if Newton and Laplace were not the names of mortal men.

The highest of all our gratifications in the contemplation of science remains : we are raised by them to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take in any direction, without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design ; and the skill every where conspicuous is calculated in so vast a proportion of instances to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we can feel no hesitation in concluding, that if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were, with our eyes, the marvellous works of the Great Architect of Nature, to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute, as well as the mightiest parts of his system. The pleasure derived from this study is unceasing, and so various, that it never tires the appetite.

But it is unlike the low gratifications of sense in another respect: it elevates and refines our nature, while those hurt the health, debase the understanding, and corrupt the feelings; it teaches us to look upon all earthly objects as insignificant, and below our notice, except the pursuit of knowledge and the cultivation of virtue—that is to say, the strict performance of our duty in every relation of society; and it gives a dignity and importance to the enjoyment of life, which the frivolous and the grovelling cannot even comprehend.

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